



ANGOLA.

A N
INDIAN HISTORY.



CHAP. I.

*A Receipt against Disgust, whereof
it's necessary sometimes to make
Use.*

ANGOLA, encouraged by
the rapid Success of his
two happy Adventures,
appear'd at Court with
an undaunted and assured Air,
which greatly heightened his na-
A tural

tural Charms. Having a confus-
 ed Idea, that the Misfortunes that
 threatened him, must take their
 Rise from a settled and serious
 Attachment, and at the same
 Time violently prompted by the
 Vivacity of his Genius, *resolv-*
ed not to indulge himself in any
 Passion of a *certain kind*, and by
 a prudent Inconstancy to prevent
 his Heart being too deeply en-
 gaged, or forcing him into the
 Snare he had so much reason to a-
 void. With this View, he assum'd
 a certain modish Air of Gallantry,
 which does not promise much
 good to the Ladies, but the Necess-
 sity and Perversness of *the Times*
 obliges them to make shew as if
 they were taken with it, otherwise
 the Homages they would receive
 would be very rare. *Luminous*
 perceived the Change which ap-
 pear'd in the Prince, and far
 from being alarmed, thought him
 infinitely

infinitely more amiable, as she ascribed it to the Impression the Manners of her Court had made upon his Mind, to which she was very desirous he should conform himself. For his Part, he behaved in such a Manner, as to give her room to flatter herself with the sole Glory of his Education, tho' at the same Time he was secretly resolved to trust only to his own Understanding.

He saw *Almair*, who, coming up to him, I should deserve, said he, at least some Acknowledgement for my Disposal of Affairs last Night; for I imagine that you have repay'd your Fault with Usury, and that, like a Man of Mettle, you have made a proper Use of a Project so well laid. Without doubt, said the Prince, I am obliged to you for my Felicity; I have been happy, my dear *Almair*, and I believe I may

flatter myself, that I am as much obliged to the yielding Tender-ness of *Zobeide*, as to the favourable Opportunity. What Charms! what Transports! No, it is not in my Power to give you a just Description of the Pleasures I re-*vell'd* in all that happy *Night*. That I can easily believe, reply'd *Almair*; the first Passion is al-ways attended by such an Excess of Ardour, as renders the Enchant-ment ravishing: Your Imaginati-on by degrees accustomed to these sort of Images, their Impression will become less sensible, and you will be obliged to have recourse to a *Specific* which I make use of to reanimate it: You will find variety necessary. Prompted by the Example, and authoris'd by the Conduct of the Ladies, you will come to regard Amours as a Point of good Breeding and De-cency. This is the high Taste

of

of the present Times, to which I have certain Hopes of you, that you will shortly conform. As to *Zobeide*, she is charming; I would advise you to regard her so much as to amuse one another. Make it even your principal Affair; but that will not debar you from engaging in *those little Infidelities*, a Liberty so easily pardoned amongst People of Fashion. But, no, said the Prince in a confused Tone, *Zobeide* delights me highly, and I cannot see what I can do better than to love her. After all, continued he, I do not believe that one can be absolutely Master of the Movements of one's Heart; and if it is refractory in a certain Point, I shall be obliged to put *an End to that Affair with Decency*: But I cannot see how, except by Absence.--As for me, I foresee and I expect it, reply'd *Almair*; I regard the fine Ladies

as Goods in Trade to which every Man may pretend. I had an *Inclination* for *Zobeide* before you, I guess'd your Pretensions, and I yeild'd her to you, fully resolv'd to renew mine, when your Humour was pass'd. And for *Amenis*, said the Prince what will you do with her? how will she support your Charge? I never had, reply'd *Almair*, any Correspondence of the rapturous kind with *Amenis*; we were taken with one another, thro' Convenience, we loved without Design, and I believe we shall part without Pain. In short, if there be Occasion, you would not do amiss to undertake her Recovery; I imagine you will do it successfully, and even be able to congratulate yourself on that Cure. *Amenis* is extremely amiable; your Prepossession for *Zobeide*, hindered you from attending it to. With many other Charms, she is possess'd

possess'd of a Genius perfectly polite, and infinitely diverting. She has that light and frivolous Manner of the Court, that is so much the Fashion at this Day : In a Word, she is excellently cut out to form a young Gentleman ; and when Possession has tired you of *Zobeide*, it appears both to me *convenient and useful* for you to have *Amenis* some Time. We shall see, said the Prince, I like her perfectly well ; she has that Air which I admire in the Ladies, that is so proper to encourage the Bashful ; and in Time perhaps I shall be disposed to offer her my Services. You will find her always ready to receive them, reply'd *Almair*, and I find myself under no Difficulty to yield to you my Right, in the Expectation I have to succeed to yours. After this Conversation they parted, and went to swear an Eternal Love to those

whom they had already determined to forsake. The Prince, who every Day acquired new Experience, and perfected himself more and more in all the Follies of the Court, lived some Time so dexterously with the Fairy and *Zobeide*, that each imagin'd she reign'd sole Mistress of his Heart, and he took Advantage of their Error: He obtain'd several Assignations; where they loaded him with their most precious Favours, and where he could the more easily deceive them, as his Love had that ardent Appearance, that has the Power to persuade the Ladies: In a Word, by Degrees, he saw himself in that State of Indolence, where a Man cloy'd with Favours, feels his Raptures abate. He found a strange Absence in himself, and had just cast about for a Cure for this Stupor, when *Almair* came one Morning

Morning to pay his Compliments at his Apartments. How now, said *Almair*, what means that Reverie and that Air of Chagrin, that clouds your Highness? My Predictions are upon the Point of being fulfilled, and you already stand in need of that Remedy, the Efficacy of which I boasted so much of to you. I don't know, said the Prince, the Cause of the Alteration you observe in me; but I am ready to die with an unaccountable Heaviness: The Court plagues me; the Walks tire my Patience; in vain I run to all the Public Entertainments; I carry about with me the Melancholy which devours me. And I, reply'd *Almair*, bring you the Remedy; we have a charming Country Party, I come to propose it to you. We shall have fine Women, and not so much as the Shadow of a Husband; We shall

shall pass the Night there, and we shall be strangely diverted; it is near the City, in a charming Place, and I don't believe that you will refuse me; I have engaged for you. And you have done well, interrupted the Prince, rising up briskly; let us go——, My dear *Almair*, you are an excellent Physician, and I abandon myself freely to your Advice. Softly, reply'd *Almair*, I come to invite you to Dinner, after that, we shall go to *Amenis's* House, where our Company are to assemble in order to set out.

After Dinner they went to the House of *Amenis*, where they found a grand Company of Gentlemen and Ladies. The Prince was received with the most flattering Distinction. Already known to *Amenis*, she made him those polite Compliments, which, even in a fine Lady would appear something more.

more. He regarded her with greater Attention than he had hitherto done, and was surpris'd that he had not done more Justice to her Charms. She was of the most becoming Stature: Her Hair was of a fine light Ash Colour, and dressed to great Perfection, and added extremely to her Face, the Features whereof were the most delicate. She had in her Eyes an Air of Tenderness which made the Prince conceive the most flattering Hopes. She was in a *Disbaille* for the Country, which exposed to view Part of a Neck, and a Skin of divine Whiteness: All her Graces, were infinitely heightened, by that Air of the *grand Monde*, and by that Taste of the Court which she possess'd in a supreme Degree, and which received, even fresh Advantages from the delicate Turn of her Wit. Her Conversation was full

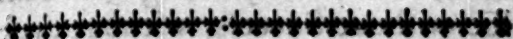
full of Fire, and the Inclination she had for some Time conceived to make a Conquest of *Angola*, gave her new Charms, and placed her in that amiable Point of Vivacity, which *renders* every Thing agreeable in the Ladies, and takes Place sometimes even of their Beauty.

After some general Discourse, it was resolv'd to set out. *Almair*, who was charged with the Disposition of the Equipages, managed so dexterously, that without any seeming Design, the Calashes were found fill'd, and none left but one of two Places for *Amenis* and the Prince. After they had exclaim'd, for Form sake, against the Blunder of *Almair*; they mounted, fully pleas'd in the End with that Arrangement.

Angola, better instructed in the *tête-à-tête*, dexterously took Advantage of it *to pave his Way*. I don't know, Madam, said he
to

to *Amenis*, if I have any real Obligation to *Almair*, for the happy Situation he has procured me; the Danger to which he has exposed me may become so great, that perhaps I ought, in this Case, to regard it as the Malice of an Enemy. I see no Danger here to alarm you, said *Amenis*, looking upon him tenderly; and besides, I suppose your Prepossession will guard you, and that you have other Engagements proof against more dangerous Temptations. How easily one forgets every Thing before you, reply'd the Prince with Vivacity. My Heart tells me but too much; and if it could flatter itself with the smallest Hope, it would willingly bear the new Chain. If one could give Faith to *certain Emotions*, said *Amenis*, casting down her Eyes, one would endeavour to render them so light that you might have
no

no Cause to complain. I shall willingly run the Risque, said the Prince: But, Madam, may I take the Liberty to tell you that your Goodness authorizes me to flatter myself with the Hopes of some *return*: And what would I not do to render myself worthy of it. It may be more easy to make a Conquest of you, said *Amenis*, than to preserve it; for I greatly fear that *Zobeide* will not recover those Rights, whereof she cannot easily support the Loss. I think of none but you, reply'd the Prince, and the whole Universe is not able to draw me from it. The Hope of rendering you sensible of my Love, shuts my Eyes against all the Difficulties I can have to fear.



CHAP. II.

STRANGE THINGS.

*One may pass over if one has a
Mind.*

DURING this Conversation, they arriv'd at the Country House of *Amenis*: It was so near the City, that it could not be said properly to stand by itself, and yet removed at a sufficient Distance to be free from Noise and Tumult. The Situation was admirable; the Walks charming; the Apartments excellently dispos'd and commodious. One feels in that happy Mansion, that Air of Liberty which the Country inspires, and which is so well known to the Lover. In fact,

fact, how many Intrigues would be without Success, without these kind of Parties. Virtue, which, in Cities, is supported by Prejudices and starch'd Decorum, opposes all these Phantoms of Pleasure, and forces them to disappear. But, in the Country, divested of these *chimerical* Arms; Liberty, Opportunity, Solitude, the Walks *in the Groves* are all against it. It submits, and nothing remains after it but the Regret of not leaving it sooner.

They pass'd some Time in that delicious Place, to enjoy all the Pleasures of it, so charmingly diversified. They had elegant Suppers; the Services were rare and delicate. The Ladies were debonair and complaisant: Some desired those who had a fine Voice to sing. They were all hoarse, or had bad Lungs, as is the Way with some fashionable Ladies;

Ladies; and at the same Time sung charmingly, and deserved Applause, which they returned with Assurances, that they had a dull Voice, and a confused Pipe, and had sung enough to fright one. The Men join'd themselves likewise; one sung some new Couplets, a little upon the Banter, which the Ladies called *foolish*.—One look'd prim, another affected to blush; one cast down her Eyes, another seemed *all in Confusion*; and some did not speak one Word.

Almair, who perceived an Affair commencing between *Angola* and *Amenis*, charm'd to see his Project succeed, endeavour'd as much as possible to forward it, by procuring them some favourable Moments, which he knew very well the Prince would improve to Advantage. They walked frequently, and the Prince finding himself often alone with

B

Amenis,

Amenis, urged his Passion in such Manner, that he extorted from her a Confession of the Sentiments she had for him. She mentioned to him the Fears, the Doubts she had of his Sincerity, which he endeavour'd to dissipate by those extravagant Expressions so much the present Mode, that signify so much the less, the more they are reiterated. *Amenis* was content, or seemed to be so.

These two Lovers, wanted but a favourable *tête-à-tête* to give each other Marks of their mutual Tenderneſs; the one endeavoured it with Ardour, and the other, did not seem to have any Repugnance. The *Issue* was retarded by an unforeseen Whim, that was taken after Dinner by the whole Company. They had sent every Day a Servant to the City to bring from thence the News-papers, and all the Poems and Pamphlets that
were

were publish'd. They were told one Day that the Comedy of *M——* was to be acted; at the mention of the Name, all the Company gave a Shout, and tho' there was not one Person who had not seen it several Times, yet it was resolv'd with one Voice that they should go; one was sent to bespeak the Boxes, one was ordered to put the Horses to the Calashes. One might see reigning over the whole Company, that amiable Tumult that is so common in Ex-temporary Parties. The Ladies cut short their Toilet, and after having *assured us a hundred Times* that they were dressed *like so many Wantons*, they appeared in a Dreis partly in the Country, and partly in the City Mode. Disengaged from that grand Adjustment and which dazling the Senses, causes a Tender Emotion, that touches the Heart most, they

mounted their Calashes, and set out. Being arrived at the Play-House Door, they were much taken Notice of by the fine young Gentlemen, that occupy the Balconies and Stairs. One plaid the Incognito; one cover'd her Face with her Fan, and at the same Time was very desirous to be seen. At last, amidst the curious Gazing of some, and the gallant Compliments of others, they arriv'd at the Box.

The Assembly was numerous and brilliant. Though that Piece had no longer the Charms of Novelty, the Steadiness with which it was followed, proves evidently its real Merit, and the Esteem the Public have for its illustrious Author. One might see in the Boxes a pompous Medley of the most charming Women, adorn'd with the most sumptuous Dresses. Some had come to hear the Play, and admire its Beauties; others to
make

make a Shew; others to play the Wit and the Critic, a Species of Women more insupportable than those that are really ignorant without being self-conceited. They criticised on all, and to commend a Part, they began by observing, that the Actors were well dressed, or that such an Actress was ill made, that her Head-dress was too far back, that her Dress was ill chosen. The greatest Number had come to expose their Charms in that Half-day of the Scenes, in that Reflection drawn from the Wax Candles, so favourable to superannuated Features, and which cannot fail to augment the Eclat of others.

One might see upon the Stage, by way of Contrast to the said Ladies, a Group of Gentlemen, amongst whom one with Difficulty might have reckoned a very small Number of real Admirers of

of the Merits of the Play. These were People of Sense, that had not abandoned themselves entirely to publick Diversions, and waited peaceably in their Places, that their Satisfaction might commence with the Tragedy ; but such as we call People of fine Breeding, had a way of Thinking much more elevated. They were little concerned about the Play, and it frequently happened, that they had to enquire, at the fifth Act, what had been acted. Lying immodestly, rather than leaning upon the Stage, they exposed their bewitching Charms, incessantly levelled their Spying-glasses, spread their Bubbles, play'd with a Nose-gay, hummed a new Air, made Signs to the Actresses whom they often did not know, and at last, after having exhausted all the Common Place Coquetry, which would
ap.

appear decent in Women the most assured, they pitched upon the Time of the most interesting Entry, to cross the Stage looking at their Watch, disordered the Actors, went out with a thoughtless and busy Air, hurry to their Equipages, and go to shew themselves in all the other publick Places of Diversion, and there commit the same Indecencies, and the same Absurdities.

All these brilliant Youths shewed themselves on the Stage, when it was observed that it was going to begin ; and what was no mean Proof of the superior Reputation of the Play, the Murmurs, the Confusion, and Tittle-tattle ceased, and every one prepared himself to listen with Attention to that admirable Master-piece.

Every thing there expressed the profound Genius, and the singular

gular Talents of the great Master that had composed it. The Plot was perfect, the Circumstances happy, the Characters finished, the Poetry nervous and melodious, and the Sentiments worthy of the greatest Heroes. All its different Perfections composed one entire Miracle. The most admirable Part, was, the Discovery betwix the two Principal Characters; an Incident, with Imitations of which all the Tragic Authors had the Madnessto stuff their Pieces at that Time, and which succeeded with so few of them. This was perfect in every respect, happily introduced, probable and interesting: It formed the finest Action on the Stage one could desire. A Mother, compassionate and trembling, wept for the Fate of her unfortunate Son. That Part, acted by the best Actress of the Age, seemed to acquire an Addition of Tenderness by the Manner in which
it

it was represented. This Woman, admirable in that Way, Mistress of the Pathetic, gave her Part that Air of Truth, which raised the Compassion of the Audience, forced the sympathetic Tear, and compelled them to participate of her Anguish and Despair.

The Piece received the highest Applause, a just Recompence of the superiour Merit of its illustrious Author. He was present, and as a Father who interests himself in the Fate of a darling Child, saw with Pleasure its constant Success. That inimitable Genius received with Modesty these lively Marks of the Public Esteem, which did not discharge those great Obligations the Age owed him : And, in fact, in what Species of Learning, has he not been successful? As a profound Philosopher, he had strip'd the

C

antient

antient Systems of that Load of
 Abscurities and Contradictions
 that rendered them more heavy
 than useful; he had enriched our
 Language with Novelty a thou-
 sand Times more rational; and
 rendered it, if one may use
 the Expression, palpable to the Un-
 derstanding of all the World.
 His Muse, even from the Cradle,
 had the Boldness to sing of Bat-
 tles and Heroes, and one might
 observe these Pieces shine with
 that Energy, that flowing and
 elevated Poetry, that transports a
 Man beyond himself, and which
Homer and *Virgil* could not ac-
 quire but by the Force of Labour.
 In the mean time he raised the Re-
 putation of the Buskin, and retriev'd
 it from the low State it was in by
 the Death of two great Masters,
 possessing, in the first Degree, the
 Art of moving the Audience. All
 Subjects become of equal Beauty in
 his

his happy Hands: If he painted the savage Pride of a Sultan, the Matter, as one might say, mollified in his Hands, and became susceptible of Love and Virtue: If he painted the Distresses of a Princess, arising from some culpable Passion, he raised Sympathy by moving Circumstances, combating with Remorse, but burning with a culpable Flame which she cannot overcome; that Part acted by a fine Actress for whom it seemed to be made, forced the thrilling Tear from the Audience, and interested them even in her Fault.

If he represented the strange Vices of one of the Heroes of Antiquity, more unfortunate than blame-worthy, his Muse, by a happy Colouring, softened the Horror of the Crime, by the Pity which their involuntary Faults inspired. Their Misfortunes, a

Prey to the most lively Transports (an horrible Assemblage of Vices and Virtues) created, by a dreadful Example, a secret Horror of their Crimes. He dies virtuously, since it is the Intention only that constitutes the Crime, and that a Man may be such in Spite of cruel Destiny. His Offences disappear, and nothing remains upon the Minds of the Spectators, but a tender Pity for his Misfortunes.

That great Man possessed all these Talents in so eminent a Degree, as to become the Subject of Envy. Some wicked Authors, Men infamous, without Morals, and black with atrocious Crimes, were enraged against him; but as nothing could be a greater Mortification than to have their Suffrages, since that would suppose some kind of Resemblance between them, the Hatred they con-

conceived against him, far from lessening his Reputation, served to establish it, and made all honest People of his Party, and gave an indelible Lustre to his Genius, the finest of the Age.

The Tragedy was followed by J'O., a small Piece in the Taste of the Tales of the Fairies, where the Author, by an excellent and natural Picture, artfully traces the different Impulses of Nature in the Heart of a Novice, and the insensible Gradations by which Love insinuates itself, and the Propensity of Youth to yield to its seducing Allurements. That Part was acted to the Life by a charming Actress, the Darling of the Public, long since initiated in the Mysteries of Love. She had a simple and childish Air, with which one was deceived in Spight of one's self, and acted in the highest Nature an Innocence, over

which one was strongly tempted to triumph, and of which she had made the most a great while before. She had bound with a Ribband, and led as in a Leash, a Prince who submitted to her Chains, to bring her, by Degrees, to divide them. That Part was acted by an Actor who had both a proper Figure and Talents: The worst of him was, that he appeared too knowing. He excelled in the Comic Way, but most in the Parts of the Peite Maître, or the Amorous, which, in the Eye of the Stage, ought always to be a little upon the Extream, in order to have their Effect. He succeeded so much the better, as the Opinion of the Publick was, that he represented his own Character without perceiving it.

The Piece ended, *Amenis* and her Company rested some Time
in

in their Box, to give Time to the Crowd to dismiss. At last they arrive on the Stairs : There they were star'd at, examined, and impudently ogled by a Troop of young Hair-Brains that besieged the Passage, and criticised all the World. They enlarged on the Adventures of some, exposed the vicious Inclinations of others so loud that they might be heard : They railed at all in general. No Woman could have their Approbation, but such as had been so foolish, as to be at the Expence of purchasing it. In a Word, it would seem, that they had been placed there, to combat and explode Folly, if they had not been themselves extreamly dull. *Ame-*
nis passed before this formidable Tribunal, the Decrees of which are contemned by People of good Sense, with that deliberate Air,

that distinguishes the Court Ladies that are above Prejudice. She knew, that one could not silence them, but by an Impudence superior to their own. She descended, and passed through the Mob, and giving the deaf Ear to the emphatic Words of the Coachmen and Footmen that waited at the Door, they reached their Calashes, and set out.

Almair, continuing to have the same Inclination to favour the Prince's Passion for *Amenis*, the Equipages were so artfully disposed, that the Prince, with the least seeming Design, found himself placed naturally with *Amenis* in the Calash. You see, said *Almair*, with what Zeal I conjecture your Inclinations, and serve you; we shall see in proper Time and Place, what Sort of Recompence I shall demand of you, and if you will imitate my Disinterestedness

terestedness. — For the present, consider with yourself, and fix it in your Head, that it cannot happen often that we should be two Hours alone with a pretty Girl in an Equipage; that there are certain Opportunities that must be laid hold of, that a Man of Wit ought to come quickly to the Point, and three fourths of Women who at the Beginning exclaim against that Boldness, in the End are familiarized to it so much, that a Man of Fashion dares not slip the Opportunity, without exposing himself to be looked upon as a Block-head. One may easily observe, that those Women who rail the most against such Compliments, are in the least Danger of being exposed to them, and carry about a Person that ought to serve as an Excuse for the utmost Bashfulness. The Prince had not time
to

to make him a Reply: All the Company had now got into their Coach; he stepp'd into the Calash with *Amenis*, fully determined to avail himself of *Almair's* Advice.

The Conversation turned for some Time, between *Amenis* and the Prince, on the Beauties of the Piece they had been to see, and the different kinds of Folly they had observed: But *Angola*, who had more urgent Concerns, artfully turn'd it upon Love, and renewed with Transports the Assurances of his Passion. In Truth, said *Amenis*, if you continue still in the same Tone, I believe it is as good for me to suppose myself perswaded. I can figure to myself what you would say to me on that Subject; it is such Discourse as one believes he cannot dispense with himself from holding with Women, who are designed only
to

to hold Part in the frivolous Part of Conversation. Ah Madam! said the Prince, judge better of the Impressions which you make; they are too lively to be so easily effaced; and the Happiness wherewith you have permitted me to flatter myself, is too great a Prize that I should ever renounce it. In saying these Words, he kiss'd her Hands with Transport; and that Favour which would appear considerable in other Circumstances, became one of those simple and indifferent Things of which it would be trifling to find Fault. What Mortal, Madam, could be so happy as I, if you would vouchsafe to participate of those Transports which you have kindled, of which I am not able to sustain the Violence? At the same Time he held her in his Arms. She did not utter one Word; and the Prince imagining, that this

Si-

Silence was the Effect of some Scruples to his Disadvantage, found Means to convince her, with Address, of the Truth of those Things whereof she complained, without startling her by an Evidence too glaring. She yielded herself entirely to such strong Arguments, but without any Intention of going beyond the Bounds of Decency ; if she fell in with his Transports, she intended to put a Stop to them at a certain Point. She conceived, likewise, a kind of Curiosity to know by what Means he intended to satisfy her. The Motive is strong in Women, and leads them sometimes much farther than they think. The Prince became urgent. She had no other Means to make him understand Reason ; and indeed, how could she preach Reason to another, who was not Mistress of herself? Unhand me, said

said she to *Angola*, in a broken Voice, I am convinced of your Tendernefs, reserve the Proofs for another Occasion. No, said the Prince all on Fire, I cannot delay giving you the Marks of my Affection ; the Sincerity of my Transports convinces me that you partake, and assures me of your Tendernefs. You have strange Notions, said *Amenis*, and suppose I should freely admit them, they will not be the less ineffectual (permitting herself, as if by Accident, to fall into some kind of Complaisance ;) there are certain Things, the Impossibility of which is so easily understood, that it would be absurd to propose to accomplish! them. Nothing is impossible to Ardour like mine, replied the Prince ; conquering the World, and the most elevated Stations, in my Judgment, would serve only to add fresh Poignancy
to

to the Pleasure ; and, sliding himself dexterously, he obtained an *advantageous Attitude*, which he judged in View of the Region that could lead to his Designs ; and *Amenis*, whose Doubts and Scruples began to diminish, did not much oppose their total Destruction, in which the Prince laboured with great Ardour. In the mean Time, a more lively Emotion rendered her Complaisance more determined, and the Prince dexterously laid hold of that Moment to procure *himself a kind of Triumph*, which put the labouring Oar upon *Amenis*. She could not help caressing him infinitely : As for him, he submitted chearfully to the Humiliation of *his Post*, and kept Time, that he might partake, with the same Ardour, of the Labours of *Amenis*, which he thought would soften her Rigour, and mitigate,

rigate, in some Measure, her Pain:
 The ardent Desires whereof they
 were possessed, employed all their
 Time and all their Attention; in-
 somuch as scarce to leave them
 Time to utter some broken Words,
 by which they declared how much
 they were mutually charmed with
 their Passions. At last they ar-
 rived at *those happy expiring Mo-*
ments which follow, and crown
 such tender Caresses which are
 only the Fruits, and which, on ac-
 count of their momentary Dura-
 tion, do not deserve to be ranked
 in the Number of Pleasures. It
 is to be believed, that they made
 no such sensible Reflections; for
 their Ardour, far from being di-
 minished, they plung'd again into
 new Transports. *Amenis* found
 the Arguments of the Prince ad-
 mirable: She framed to herself
 one Scruple more, that he might
 again remove her Doubts, accord-
 ing

ing to the Laws of Conquest, by which he was obliged to dissipate them. At last they arrived; she, *thrice* pleased with the *Eclaircissement* she had received; and he, that he had not met with an obstinate Incredulity.

They arrive in the Country, and sat down to Table *decently* about Midnight. The Supper was gay. *Amenis*, who had her Reasons to be satisfied, was charming. The Prince, who had nothing to expect from her Rigour, behaved handsomely; and *Almair*, knowing that the Prince had made good Use of his Time, hoped by that, to accomplish his Designs upon *Zobeide*. She spent some Days in that delightful Place, in all the Diversions that appear to deserve that Name if they had been taken in a certain Degree of Moderation, but seem to merit a different Appellation on account
of

of the Excess to which they carried them. *Amenis* and the Prince found different Opportunities to testify their Tenderness to each other. Amidst the greatest Tumults of Pleasure, there are Declines that are perceptible to all the polite World, and which half the People of another Taste do not seem to observe, for want of the same Liberties, and the Necessity they are reciprocally under to conceal such Affairs. *Almair*, who had his Reasons for parting, laid hold one Day of an Opportunity, when the Conversation turned upon some new Event that had happened, that made some Noise in the City. In Truth, said he, it is too long to be buried; a Retreat begins to appear necessary; one knows nothing at all here; when we shall return to the City, they will take us for People of another World; we shall know No-

D

body,

body, we shall be habited like the antient Philosophers, and shall be obliged to change our whole Wardrobe. If you take my Advice let us go. The Motion was accepted with Joy, without knowing the Reason. At last, after they had passed some time at Play, just to prevent their being under a Necessity of passing the Night in Protestations to one another, that they had never been better diverted, that they were certainly made for one another, and that they should often make such Parties, they returned to the City with the same Eagerness with which they left it. They parted in Appearance with mortal Regret, and in Reality heartily tired of one another, and were eagerly endeavouring to divert themselves with other Pleasures, that do not affect People so much to whom they cost too little to be sensibly felt.

C H A P.

CHAP. III.

*More incredible than the pre-
ceeding.*

THE Prince, on his Return, went to pay his Court to *Luminous*, who chid him tenderly for his Absence, in order to give Occasion for a Reconciliation. She mentioned to him her Doubts about his Fidelity, as being perfectly acquainted with the Language he would employ to satisfy her Scruples. She was obliged to yield to the *Force* and *Emphasis* of the Expressions with which he served her. He continued to live with her in that happy indolent State of a Man who possesses something infinitely amiable, but whose Passion not being anima-

ted either by Desires or Difficulties, loses necessarily that Point of Vivacity, wherein consists the greatest Pleasure. He seldom saw *Zobeide*, and he had the Satisfaction to find it highly reasonable, that he should continue the Tool of *Almair's* Inclinations; and at the same Time he understood from him, that he had Reason to commend his Proceedings, and that she had not ridiculed him. He made several Excursions from Court to give grand Suppers at the House of *Amenis*, and the important Points that had been treated of in the Calash, were brought upon the Tapis, and discuss'd with great Exactness, according to the Convenience of Time and Place. *Amenis* was most amiable; she possessed in an eminent Degree, that artful Address which, much more than Beauty, holds a Man in Chains,
and

and does not give him Time to project Infidelities. She saw much Company at her House, perswaded that two Lovers are not always Company enough for one another, and that the most lively Passions have some vacant Moments, when some select Company serves only to re-animate their Desires by the Necessity they are under to lay a Restraint upon them before these. She held the Prince, as it were, in *Play* by such artful Conduct, and prevented the least Thought of Fickleness.

Luminous, notwithstanding, held the first Place in his Heart, whether it was the Eclat of her vast and immense Fortune, or that in Reality she had more Charms. The Prince enjoyed with her more lively Pleasures, and left her with more Regret than the others. One Day, taking Advantage of
the

the great Liberty which she had permitted him, he had entered her Apartment during the Time she was at Council. He amused himself in viewing a Parcel of Toys and curious Pictures which adorned her Cabinet. He found, on a Chimney-piece, a Gold Box set with Diamonds. He opened it with unaccountable Trembling: It enclosed a Portrait: Gods! into what Condition did the Sight of that Picture plunge him: It represented a young Creature about ten Years of Age. The most emphatic Expression can convey but a feint Idea of such potent Charms. A Regularity of finished Features, an enchanting Beauty, the natural Graces diffused over her Countenance, an Air of Modesty and Reserve, had furnished her whole Face and Person, with Arms too powerful to be able to resist. The Painter had

had happily managed a genteel Drapery which set off her Graces with a charming Air. Her Hand and Arm were finely turned, and of dazzling Whiteness.

The Prince struck and astonished with the unexpected Sight remain'd immoveable for some Moments ; he gazed eagerly on the Picture , and swallowed large Draughts of the Poison that insinuated itself into his Heart. He experienced different Emotions, and much superior to all he had hitherto felt. In Effect, all the Inclinations he had for any of those of the Court were, properly speaking, no more than Affairs of Convenience into which he had been drawn, more by the Force of the Occasion, and the Advantages that were made him, than by any Passion he felt. He had been deceived himself in the first, and had mistaken for Love, that which
was

was Nothing but the Fire of Youth, greedy of Pleasure. That which he felt on Sight of the Picture, was of quite another Species: That was a timid Passion, in which he durst not flatter himself with the least Hope; and what is still more difficult to believe, it was accompanied with the greatest Respect. The Queen surpris'd him in that agreeable Employment. You are extremely curious, said she in coming up to him, take Care that it do not cost you dear. Persuade yourself, that in this Case I have great Reason to be displeas'd with you, and that besides the Rights which I have to your Heart, and which I imagine well founded, I have the strongest Reasons in the World, against your fixing your Attraction on an Object whose evil Destiny is connected with yours. In saying these Words, she took the Picture from
the

the Hands of the Prince, who returned it to her with an affected Indifference with which she was deceived.

Expert in the Art of concealing his Sentiments, he carefully disguised from her those Desires that might have offended, and contented himself with asking her in the coldest Air he could affect, the Name of the Original of that Picture. That is, answered *Luminous*, the Portrait of *Luceide*, Princess of *Golgonda*. The King her Father had resolved to send her to my Court, and to leave to me the Care of her Education. Frighten'd by some Predictions that had been made of the Destiny of his Daughter, and foreseeing that Love would be the Cause of her Misfortunes, he educated her in a Desert separate from the Conversation of Men. He begg'd of me to receive her at my Court,

E

and

and to take the Pains to give her that Turn which is only to be acquired in Foreign Countries ; besides he was persuaded with Reason, that my Power could shelter her from the Misfortunes with which she was threatened ; and though I had no Power to oppose the Decrees of Fate, I should have already yielded to these Instances, and should have already permitted her to come here, if I had not imagined that I discovered a certain Resemblance in your Destinies which alarmed me, and which made me dread exposing you to the View of each other. Cruel Sympathy now justifies my Apprehensions. Can you entertain these Jealousies, said the Prince, affecting a tender Air, and will you never, for our mutual Happiness, persuade yourself, that a Mortal sensible of your Charms, and so happy as to possess them, must necessarily become insensible to all other Objects

jects the most seducing. He accompanied these flattering Speeches with Caresses which were not so far removed from the Heart, as not to have all the Graces of Sincerity. The Queen, flatter'd by these Testimonies of Tenderness which repaid all her own, received them with that amiable Fondness, which engages one to redouble them, least that one should not have done enough. They pass'd together those happy Moments which should only be made for true Lovers, and whereof they only should know the Value.

The Prince retired to his House, that he might be at Liberty, and employed himself all Night in pondering in his Mind the Charms of the incomparable *Luzeide*. His Sentiments enlighten'd by a strict Examination of himself, he perceived the Difference between the Passion that now agitated his

Mind, and that *transient Liking* he had yielded hitherto with Vehemence to all the Women that had fallen in his Way. How much have I been mistaken, cried he in a Transport, I fancied I had been in Love. Is it possible that I have given that Name to tumultuous Desires begot by Whim, and supported by the Heat of Temperament? That which I now feel is quite different. I have seen Women, have obtain'd of them the last Favours, and I owe them to nothing else without doubt, but to the same Motive which attach'd me to them. Have I desired one Moments Possession of their Heart? Intoxicated with Pleasure, I never carried my Views any greater Length. That was, without doubt, the fatal Principle of that amazing Absence which possess'd me in the Time of my Youth, when
my

my Intrigues employ'd me most. Let us court the Possession of a Heart, that only can render me happy, and I feel that henceforth, that only can flatter my Delicacy.

He was still buried in these Reveries, the Morning of the Day following, when *Almair* came into his Apartments. What do I see, cried he, and what do I pre-
 sage from that cloudy Aspect? As I live I am quite lost, you have an Air that annihilates me, and I might enquire for you of yourself without knowing you. Ah! my dear *Almair*, reply'd she, Prince——can speak no more, his Trouble is redoubled. Oh! my God, said *Almair*, that Sigh confounds me; conceal nothing, but explain yourself freely. This appears serious, and I protest to you sincerely, that I am petrified with the cruel Anguish in which I see you. I cannot imagine that

any of our Court Ladies, are so foolish as to reduce you to the Necessity of laying Siege to them in form, or to oblige you to sigh for Favours, which they generously offer to those that make the least Court to them, and I do not suppose that, at your Years, you can have other Affairs to plunge you into that Sorrow with which you are overwhelm'd. Whatever is the Cause, I imagine I have merited your Confidence, and our Friendship gives me a Right to demand it.

Learn then, said the Prince, my Unhappiness and the Cruelty of my Situation. He related to him in Order the last Conversation with the Queen, the Sight of the Picture of *Luzeide*, and the extraordinary Effect it had upon his Heart. He accompanied the Recital with the most lively and passionate Expressions. The Heart spoke,

spoke, and he express'd himself with so much Fire, that *Almair* was surpris'd at so extraordinary an Impression. He had never seen him express such Ardour for any of the Women he had been most acquainted with: He interrupted him with a serious Air. As I live, said he, you are much worse than I thought you to be: I never could believe you a Man capable of indulging Chimera's. I imagined, that my Lessons, the World, and Experience would have determined your Manner of *thinking* of Women, and that you had more Experience, than to act the lamentable Part of a Hero in a Romance: You gave me great Hopes, you acquired the fashionable Taste in the twinkling of an Eye. I saw you with Pleasure in the Hands of two Court Ladies, the properest Persons in the World to form a young Gentleman. I

concluded with myself that they would not detain you long, and that you would see others who would give the finishing Stroke to your Perfections. You have destroy'd all my Work in one Minute; setting up a Constancy as chimerical as your Passion, you will become the Jest of the Court; a Conduct so ridiculous must expose you to the most unmerciful Raillery.

I feel, said *Angola*, the Force of your Reasoning. I yield myself with regret to a Folly to which I have been the greatest Enemy: But my Passion constrains me; and if you had but one Moment's Sight of the Portrait of the charming Princess of *Golgonda*, you would cease to chide me so cruelly. I would cease then to be your Friend, reply'd *Almair* briskly; I will not contend, but *Luzeide* may be amiable, but that
your

your Fancy ought to be govern'd
 by Reason and Circumstances.
 The Queen told you, that she
 would send for her; endeavour to
 make yourself easy till that Time.
 You will find at her Arrival, that
 you will relinquish those Senti-
 ments. As soon as she has breath'd
 the Air of a Court, she will most
 certainly adopt the System; and
 perhaps she may be as much in-
 clin'd to fix you in her Chains, as
 you are willing to receive them.
 In case of an obstinate Resistance,
 one may advise the most effectual
 Means to extirpate that Here-
 sy, and reduce her to Reason;
 But it is absurd that you should
 consume yourself in a vain Pas-
 sion, founded on the Imaginati-
 on of a Painter. Were you to pass
 two Nights in such anxious mace-
 rating Thoughts as this, you would
 not make a very agreeable Fi-
 gure: But let us make it our Bu-
 siness

fines to divert you with more
 chearful Objects ; I have seen for
 some Days past in the City, a
 young Woman named *Clenire* :
 She is married to an old Officer,
 who, after having pass'd his Youth
 with Reputation in the Service,
 imagin'd that he had a Right to
 demand some Recompence : Some
 treated his Demand as a kind of
 ill-timed Pleasantry ; others gave
 him an Answer much in the same
 Tone ; at last, after having at-
 tended to no Purpose in the An-
 tichambers of the Ministers, tired
 of the vain Pursuit, he was hap-
 pily advised to marry *Clenire*, and
 to send her to solicit for him. On
 the Appearance of a Person so
 charming, all the Clerks of the
 Closet (a Thing which Posterity
 can never believe) were taken with
 a polite Air, and paid her their
 Compliments. She press'd up to
 the Cabinet of the Ministers : On
 Sight

Sight of her they laid aside their Spying-Glasses, Spectacles, and Letters of Recommendation ; a Smile sat on their Countenances ; they heard her with Attention, and answered her without holding other Papers in their Hands, and with presence of Mind ; and, in a Word, she obtain'd a Government, and was going out before they dismiss'd her. The Queen took a Fancy to see her, and was so pleas'd with her Appearance, that she has detain'd her in order to bestow on her a Place at Court. They have sent her Husband to his Government on the Confines of *China*, and *Clenire* remains at Court. She is charming, a Compound of Graces ; she must be in want of a Man of Spirit, that would take upon himself the Trouble of moulding her, and giving her a fashionable Taste ; that Employment is certainly cut out for you.

The

The Notice of a Man of your Rank will create her Respect, and put her upon a Footing with the Great. She will be obliged to you for the Regard paid her, and I believe her very proper to enable you to wait patiently for the Arrival of *Luzeide*. I do not imagine my Mind sufficiently disengaged, said the Prince, to undertake such an Affair, and I fancy you are over fond to put me to rights. Let us to Court, said *Almair*, I hope that at the Sight of her your Resolutions will vanish.

CHAP.



CHAP. IV.

*Which may not be understood by all
the World.*

THEY went to dine with the Queen, and the Prince carried about with him a dreaming thoughtful Air, of which he endeavoured in vain to divest himself. The Fairy observed him attentively, and the Dread he was in, lest she should discover his Sentiments, obliged him to lay great Violence on himself to disguise his Trouble. He saw *Cle-mire*, and in spite of his Prepossession, he found her charming; she was a Beauty without Artifice, adorned with natural Perfections; she was ignorant of the Helps she might receive from Art,

Art, which they imitate but clumsily; she scarce knew that she was a Beauty; and though she did not want those who could inform her, she had not yet assum'd that Air of Sufficiency, that is so consequent to that Opinion, and which is sufficient to dash those Inclinations, unaffected Charms would excite. In a Word, she was truly charming, and caused much Mischief and Infidelities at Court. But the Prince made but a slight Observation, and could easily leave her; he was otherwise carried away by the Anxiety which prey'd upon him.

He was wandering at random in the Palace, when he found himself at the Door of the Queen's Library. He entered it, and was surpris'd with its Beauty, and reproach'd himself that he had not the Curiosity to see it before. He first cast his Eyes upon a Heap of
huge

huge Books which conveniently form'd the Base of the Cabinet. They were look'd upon as the Foundations of an Edifice which are commonly uninhabitable and buried in the Ground, and serve for no other Purpose but to support the more commodious Apartments. The Dust with which they were covered determined their Reputation. He turned his Eye curiously over a Collection of Laws and Customs, whereof the Frauds took the greatest Portion, which by a kind of Indulgence received the Name of Justice. He saw the old Romances, those Bundles of luscious Trifles, where they make Love in the same Manner as they take their Degrees in the Schools of Theology; where the Lover and his Mistress dispute which shall get the better in Dulness and Absurdities, and neither take nor receive

Fa-

Favours but by Measure and geometrical Proportion. He took care to open but a few.

He pass'd from thence to the Poets, amongst whom were some brilliant Wits, who rais'd the Glory of the Age to the highest Pinnacle. Their Numbers were but small; they were surrounded with an Infinity of the *Insects* of *Parnassus*, a kind of extraordinary Generation, that he imagined had arrived at Immortality by the Help of some Madrigal, or some low lascivious Ballads, Fruit tasting of a sterile Imagination, that could only please the dull Ears of a Bookseller, Block-head enough to ruin himself by printing them. He admired the Beauties of the first, and wisely took Care not to expose himself to the reading of the other. He saw next the Authors of the present Age; the Field was larger, and the Choice diffi-

difficult. The Tinsel imitated Gold so well, that it might have been taken for it, by People the most penetrating and most upon their guard. At first he passed over in a hurry a Multitude of *Writers by the Gross*. Authors of a Heap of flat Romances, ill contrived, and in no measure interesting; one of them composed and distributed Romances like Gazettes, and so little cut out for such an Undertaking, that he knew neither how to invent, describe, nor write. His Stile dry and starved, felt the Abstinence of its starved Author. This Author endeavoured to establish his Reputation by publishing a Book which he had composed to impose upon the Public; he had presently the Vogue by the Force of the irreligious Turn which prevail'd in it, and pleas'd the young People. He bitterly satirized the Bonzes,

F

but

but without Wit or Delicacy, and if he had any Thing of Truth wherewith to reproach them, he had not Wit enough to discover or relate it with that genteel Spirit which characterises true Raille-ry, and which is never seen in gross Invective. However People of Knowledge discovered the Illusion, and held in the utmost Contempt that vile Rhapsody of Stories of the Bonzes with which they lull Children asleep, and could please no where but in that Country the Author had pitch'd upon for an Asylum, where reigns an unbridled Licentiousness and an unpardonable Insolence, which they have adorned with the Name of Liberty. It was perfectly well known, that every Thing valuable in that Book had been stolen Word for Word from the Works of a celebrated Author of the last Age to whom the Language

of

of the Country had been infinitely indebted, and who in his other Works had propagated a certain Manner of thinking too dangerous to examine narrowly.

At one Side lay some Works of an Author, who was not void of Invention. He hit upon interesting Circumstances, which he knew not how to work up. His Diction was careless, and he expressed himself vulgarly, and his Thoughts trivial. In vain he excused himself by saying, that his Clearness compensated the Uncorrectness of his Style. He forgets that his being obliged to make himself clearly understood, does not afford a sufficient Reason to authorize an Author to neglect pleasing the Public.

Angola saw with Pleasure the Works of another Author, a Man of much Wit. They blamed him even for being too witty in his

Writings, or at least with being arch in an unknown Language. His Stile, which at first Sight discovers great Simplicity, upon Reflection appears affected in the last Degree; he has found the extraordinary Means to render himself perplex'd and obscure in Terms the most clear and the most common; besides affecting to represent as new, low and trivial Images that can interest but indifferently. However he had superior Talents, and the Stage is greatly indebted to him.

One might see also the Works of an Author, of whom the Age is not well agreed about the Productions of his Pen; he is a Man of Wit; his Stile is fine, noble and correct; his Periods harmonious, and his Phrases please the Ear; and though he could not support that Spirit equally through the whole, yet his Works were held
in

in Esteem. They charged him, with a gloomy Imagination, that delighted in leading his Readers into the Melancholy and Tragical Circumstances. You was struck with Horror, but waited with Impatience to see his Hero out of Danger, for whom he had the Secret to interest you.

The Prince found luckily after him, and to serve by Way of corrective, the charming Works of the first Author of the Age in that Way of Writing. That Man even from his Infancy, was thoroughly acquainted with the Heart, and had favoured the Public with a Piece, wherein he discovers its most secret Recesses. A noble Stile, pure, easy, and adorned with inimitable Beauties prevail'd in all his Writings, he described the Manners of the Age so naturally in a Way peculiar to himself; he adorned it with Cuts tolerably

tolerably plain, and described the most tender Passion and Circumstances with such Truth of Expression, that it tempted us to imagine that he spoke by Experience. Esteemed by the Men for the Purity of his Morals, and the Charms of his Wit, how ought he to be regarded by the Ladies, and how desirous ought they to be to receive Lessons of Love from a Man who knew so well how to describe their Charms? His Works, *stamp'd like current Coin*, were the Register of the various Changes in the Fashion, and the Caprices of an inconstant People.

Pretty near him, but some Degrees above him, *Angola* found the Writings of a Man, who cannot be deny'd to have both Wit and Abilities. He set out with two Pieces, the one was read on the Score of its own proper Merit,

Merit; and the other, in Spite of the Superficial which prevail'd in it, pleas'd the Public whom it treated very cavalirely, and where the Author seems in very little Pain about their Approbation. Happy if he could, have kept up to it, and that to merit a Title with which he was graced, he had not undertaken to new vamp an old History written a great while ago, and on account of the Distance of Time very little interesting at this Day, and which is nothing but a Collection from a hundred old Chronicles that every Body knows: Besides, its Stile, too flashy, does not agree with Facts, too grave to be susceptible of Mirth and Levity.

The Prince full of these different Images, was about to retire, when he found under his Feet, a Book that seemed to have been designedly trod upon by all those
who

who came into the Closet. He pick'd it up, and through the Dirt with which it was covered, he knew the Works of a Man, whom the Age, who seem to dispute his Character, served only to augment his Malice. That Man, as it were in a Rage, abusing Wit, and writing without Spirit, and without Delicacy, attacks like an Executioner all the most celebrated Authors. An Enemy to Merit, the black Serpent of Envy devours him; he has made Remarks on all Writers, where prevails, instead of fine and delicate Criticisms, scandalous Invectives, and a low Raillery of the worst kind. All that Work describes the sneaking, ungenerous Spirit of its Author, dealing perpetually in Falshood, and supporting his Opinions with pedantic Obstinacy, and with insipid and exploded Sophisms concerning

concerning all the World without Fear of any Body. He was look'd upon as a surly, mischievous Dog, and frequently received the same Wages: In short, a Man without Morals, and addicted to the most abominable Drunkenness. The only Advantage he had, was, that his Vices were of a Nature not to be mentioned: He died as he lived. His End was that of a Man without Morals, and without Principles; and carried with him at his Death, neither the Esteem of the honest Man, nor the Regret of the Libertine.

The Prince with difficulty gave himself Time to read some Pages of that wretched Book, but understanding the base Character of the Author, toss'd it from him with Rage, and returned it to its first State, where

G it

it had been trod under Foot by
all that entered the Apartments.

C H A P. V.

It was good Times.

THE Prince left the Cabinet,
and was in the Gardens
walking in a deep Study ; he
easily apprehended, that the same
Change, which he himself re-
mark'd in his Humour, might
give the Queen some Hint, and
perhaps enable her to guess at the
Source of his Anxiety. He trem-
bled at the Consequences of these
Conjectures, and resolved to be
Master of himself so much as not
to leave any Suspicion upon her
Mind : The Levity natural to
young People, which will not
permit them to dwell long upon
affecting

affecting Objects, had perhaps better Effects than all his Resolutions. He went to Court, and assumed as often as he possibly could that easy and gallant Air, which he had so quickly acquired, against which three-fourths of the Ladies railed and exclaimed incessantly, and which, notwithstanding, has so much Influence over them as to turn their Brains. *Luminous* thought him charming, and *Amenis* was very willing to pass for an Acquaintance of his; she made Grimaces, pull'd him aside, whisper'd in his Ear to ask him how he did, affecting to speak to him in such a Manner, with a significant Familiarity: In a Word, she took more Pains to discover and proclaim her Intrigue with him than any other would have taken to conceal it from the Eyes of all the World, that are generally quick sight-

ed enough, when Mischief is in Hand.

He acted his Part so natural, that the Queen forgot all Thoughts of the Subject of the Portrait. He, even laid some Violence on himself to look at it frequently without betraying any Concern: Besides, he lived with the Queen in such Manner as to dissipate all Fears, and his Heart was not so much prepossess'd as to make the Part seem difficult to act. One Day when they were together in one of these close Conferences that follow tender Cares, and frequently beget a Repetition of them; the King of *Golconda*, said the Fairy, has made me fresh Instances to send his Daughter to my Court, and I cannot see how I can stand out any longer; I imagine I shall be obliged to consent to it: Besides, I assisted at her Birth, and I have
a tender

a tender Concern in what regards her ; I have fixed the Day for her Departure : In a little Time you will see her appear at my Court. The Prince was in the utmost Pain to dissemble the Joy rais'd in him by this Discourse, but he had so much Command of himself as to make an indifferent Answer, and affected even to change the Discourse. That Conduct perswaded the Queen that she might without incurring any Danger yield to the Importunities of the King of *Golconda* ; and shortly after, she publish'd at her Court the Arrival of the Princess *Luxeide*.

They had heard speak of her Beauty, so that Novelty caused much Joy amongst the *petite Maitres* of the Court, who promised within themselves *to make an Essay of their Charms* on a Subject so interesting.

Some Days after, her Arrival was made public by a Multitude of Domestics, a Heap of useless Beings, who follow or precede great Lords, who are of no manner of Use to them, who do not so much as know them, who serve but to plague all Company in their coming in and going out, *and to kill Post Horses.*

The Queen received her with the highest Marks of Distinction, and of the most tender Amity. She was enchanted with her Figure: She was, it is true, dress'd in an exceeding bad Taste. Her Head-dress was dirty, her Person was disfigured by that Air of Innocence which is always rallied at Court, because no Body there has the Honour to possess it. All was minutely criticis'd by the brilliant young Courtiers: But her Beauty obtain'd her Favour amongst the Men; and as the
Ladies

Ladies did not think proper to touch upon that String, it was easy to guess at their Thoughts; their Silence confess'd their Conviction.

The Prince was one of the most eager to examine her: He offered her his Hand at coming out of her Equipage; and had Time in crossing the Apartments to glut himself with that dangerous Sight, which put the finishing Stroke to the Impression the Picture had made in his Heart. He conducted her with a thoughtful and embarrass'd Air, which had not escap'd the Penetration of *Luminous*, if she had not been taken up with the Ceremony of her Reception.

The Fairy, observing how much a Dress so strange and so dirty clouded the Beauty of *Lutzeide*, gave Orders to bring before her in an Instant, the Milli-

ners and Mantua-makers, of whom she demanded all that they had that was most Modern. They carried her from the Palace to the House of the Merchants of the Fashions, to chuse Laces, and the elegant *petite Oie*. She pass'd from thence to the *Chagrin Turque* to furnish herself with Plumes of Feathers, Branches, Breast Jewels, and Multitudes of Diamonds. At first she thought every Thing detestable, but in the End admitted every Thing they recommended to her to be extremely pretty. She stopp'd three Hours at the Merchants House, changing her Mind a hundred Times in the Choice of Stones: She ask'd him a thousand Questions about the Diamonds, which he sold to the Court Ladies, asking him as by Accident the Price of those she had pitch'd upon, without giving any Attention to the Answer,

swer, of which the Merchant did not fail to take Advantage, that he might get off unpunished, tho' with all Humility and all possible Respect.

All these Rambles amused the Queen extremely ; for besides the Influence which these Affairs had over the Minds of Women in that Age, it was not as in our Days, and the Sovereigns, in the Middle of the Pleasures of their Court had four Hours of the Day in which they were at a Loss how to dispose of themselves, and on that Account were obliged to descend to vulgar Amusements.

Luzeide adorned with that superb Dress, whereof the Fancy surpass'd its Richness, appear'd like a blazing Star that eclipsed all others. She was dress'd in her Hair, with Flowers and Diamonds artificially placed in the Curls in Place of a Bonnet, and fell down
on

on her Neck, as was the Fashion at that Time.

Her Robe was a Stuff of an exquisite Pattern; its Colour white, Girdelin and Gold, with Designs of Pagods and *Chinese* Figures. Her Gown and Robings wrought with Flies and Flowers, her Stays garnish'd with precious Stones, and her Ruffles, three Rows of the most exquisite *English* Point.

The Ladies of the Court studied to find Fault, but their Endeavours were not over and above successful: One found that she had too little Colour; another, that her Head-dress was too far back. This said that the Design of her Robe was overcharged, that the *Pattern* was ill chosen; while others said, that the Diamonds were ill set, had no play, that they were not of a fine Water, they resembled Counterfeits: Others, that she had a strange Air

tha

that she did not know how to place her Patches, nor to hold her Fan; that she had something of the simple and awkward in her Countenance.

But the Men, who are not curious about Dress, and never amuse themselves in making Remarks upon it, but when the Person is very little engaging, had quite different Thoughts of *Luzeide*; amazed to see so many Perfections conjoin'd, their Praises had an Air of Truth, which ought to render them the more acceptable, because it is a Fault they are seldom guilty of. This charming Maid, united their Suffrages without asking, and without employing that unbecoming Artifice to obtain, which so much disgusts, and which at most engages the Senses, without the Heart taking any Part in the Affair.

They

They set about examining her Wit, and observed in spite of a plain and uncourtly Language, a Solidity and Justness of Sentiment, which surprised even in a Country, where a perplexed winding Language, and a certain Number of quaint Phrases take Place for the most Part of Reason and Judgment: Besides, she had a great Share of Sweetness in her Manner, and a very high Opinion of the Court at which she arrived; and that seemed to give room to imagine that she would not be over cautious in adopting its Manner.

The Prince having the Liberty of seeing her at all Times, and of observing all her Perfections, felt his Passion redouble. He earnestly sought for an Opportunity to make her acquainted with it, but govern'd by a Timidity which he could not conquer, he
let

let it slip, without daring to make any Use of it.

He remain'd for some Time under that dreadful Constraint. His Passion encreased by Difficulties, but the Coldness and Indifference with which the Princess received all the common Gallantries, with which she was loaded, (she seem'd even to shun them) made him despair to make her sensible of his Passion: He gave himself up to his Melancholy, and sought the most solitary Places, to give free Scope to his Passion. *Almair* came one Day to rouse him from these Reveries: Very well, said he, I see at last the Conqueror become a Slave to himself; and the raw Charms of a Girl, divested of that Spirit, which renders every Thing agreeable, has wrought the Miracle; in earnest I don't understand you. Be assured that you are falling into that State
the

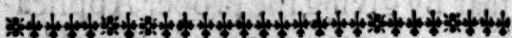
the most deplorable a gallant Man can be reduced to, and how far would you carry it; for if at any Time you should come to a Declaration, you run the Chance of being knock'd on the Head by that formidable Object. The most rational Part, according to my Judgment, would be to fly quickly from the Mischief: I really believe they have quite blinded you; besides, when one sees that it is absolutely impossible to accomplish it, a Man who knows the World prudently makes his Retreat, and scorns to expose himself to the Mortification of becoming the Trophy of the Caprice of a Woman who frequently refuses your Vows only to enhance the Value of her Acceptance. How easy is it for you to give your Advice, said the Prince, and I could wish sincerely, that it was as easy for me to follow it. I am sensible

ble of the Justness of your Reasoning, but my Heart is not so free as to permit me to put it easily in Practice. The Question now, is not about those wild Passions, that constrain'd me to wear successively the Chains of most Women about Court. I knew nothing of Love, and my Want of Experience, made me give that Name to a Set of tumultuous Emotions, which took their Rise from the Disorder of the Passions; but I have discovered the Difference ! The ravishing Charms to which I have yielded, excite in my Heart Transports of quite another Species : It is the Possession of the Heart of *Luzeide* that I pant after ; and that Passion is not mingled with any of the Desires, which characterise those of Youth, and which leave always a Heaviness in the Heart, and ought not, in any Measure, to be taken
as

as a Compliment by the Ladies to whom they are offered. The Language of *Romance*, said *Almair*, interrupting him, and which does not hinder, but that in reality your Designs may be the same; you may even depend upon it, that the Ladies who would pretend to believe you on your Word would be extreamly vex'd at Bottom to depend upon it, and that they had no Hopes that you would be better than your Word; and then, admitting your System, but with some Restriction; it is very certain that nothing can be more ridiculous than to consume one's self in Sighing to no manner of purpose. If you incline that I should tell you what I have discovered (for I risque nothing with a Man so very little conceited as you are) either I am strangely deceived, or the Princess is not far from the same Condition you are in. I
 imagine

imagine I have observed those
 Looks she casts at you by stealth,
 and that seem to carry no Sign of
 Indifference, and I am perswaded,
 that by giving the proper Applica-
 tion, you may get the better of her
 Modesty, and put your Affairs
 in a fair Way : Be advised by me,
 do not give her Time to prepos-
 sess herself in Favour of another,
 you will repent but too late the
 Time you should have lost in
 making Reflections always useless
 on such Occurrences. I perceive
 the Queen, who comes with the
 Court to take the Pleasure of the
 Walk : I shall not speak more
 of *Clenire*, her Time is not
 yet come, but notwithstanding,
 either my Predictions are false,
 or you will one Day pay Ho-
 mage to her Charms ; but your
 Fancy at present is preposses-
 sed in Favour of *Luzeide*. I
 would advise you to push your
 Point, and not let slip an Op-
 H por-

portunity so favourable, without knowing what you have to rely upon.



CH A P. VI.

An Opportunity seiz'd : An unforeseen Obstacle.

THEY approach'd at the same Time, the Queen and Court. What means, said *Luminous*, that serious Conversation, in which I see you engaged? In Truth it surprizes me much: I do not imagine that you were employed in settling the Interest of my Kingdom, and I do not understand what other kind of Discourse could give such a grave Air. We were debating seriously upon Love, Madam, reply'd *Almair*, and of all the Incon-

conveniencies to which one is exposed by yielding to it, and we concluded, the Prince and I, that nothing but flying or treating it cavalierly, could enable one to support its Tyranny. That Advice, said the Queen, does not surprise me at all on your Part, but I do not know if the Prince thinks absolutely the same Way: I imagine him ignorant even of the Name of Love, and I suppose has very little Curiosity to be instructed. She shot at the same Time a tender Glance at *Angola*, as if to be assured of what she feigned to doubt. The Prince at that Time employed with *Luzeide*, gave very little Attention to that *Leur*; and finding a favourable Moment; this Conversation does not appear infinitely interesting to you, said he to *Luzeide* with a trembling Voice, and without Doubt you make too

little Account of Love, to condescend to speak your Sentiments on the Things that regard it. I don't know, answered *Luzeide*, blushing and casting down her Eyes precepitantly, the Colours under which it has been represented to me, has not given me a very favourable Idea of it: It is commonly attended by so many Misfortunes, that it does not appear very rational to expose one's self to it. What a Happiness would it be to disabuse you, reply'd the Prince in a low and passionate Voice, and that the Sentiments which you inspire are of a very different Nature! I know with what Truth and Ardour I would satisfy you, if your Heart is not possess'd of an Insensibility proof against every Thing. That is just as I desire it should be, reply'd *Luzeide* in a disorder'd Tone, and I shall use all my Endeavours

deavours to preserve it in that State, and to shelter myself from those Treacheries that are experienced from those People, who swear to us the strongest Attachment.

The Queen coming up to them at this Time, prevented the Prince from making a Reply, and left him overwhelm'd with Anguish on Account of the Sentiments *Luzeide* had discovered to him. He undertook notwithstanding to oblige her to change her Mind, and hoped that the Walk would furnish him with an Opportunity to renew a Conversation, which concern'd him so much. The Court dispers'd itself in several Allies: The Prince observed his Time so well, that after several artful Turns, he join'd *Luzeide* at a Time, when she was stopping in a Grove, to observe a Group of Marble Statutes of exquisite Beauty

It was *Apollo* and *Daphne*; the Attitudes were just; Desire was painted in the Visage of the God, and animated his Progress: Fear prevailed on that of the Nymh; an unconceivable Emotion abated the hurry of her Flight. She lifted up her Hands, and demanded Succour from Heaven, though perhaps in the End she was pleased she had not obtain'd it. The Lover enraged at her Obstinacy, looks at her with a threatening Air, and seems willing to oppose her Designs. The Princess was examining this Piece with great Attention, when *Angola* approached her. Do you come, said he, to search here for a new Example of Inhumanity, and to endeavour to confirm yourself in those rigorous Sentiments you have just now discovered to me. My Manner of thinking does not depend on such Objects, answered *Luzeide*,
and

and besides, I cannot imagine, that it concerns you so much, that you should be so importunate to be inform'd. The essential Interest which I take in it, is as certain as my Unhappiness, reply'd *Angola* ; I see the Danger that waits me, but my Passion is too violent to admit any Reflection. I don't see that even the too great Insensibility of your Heart can deter me. Be inform'd of my Crime, it is your Work, pursued he, and throwing himself on his Knees. I expose myself to your Wrath, but it is impossible to make me renounce those Sentiments, which henceforth shall be the Happiness of my Life. His Attitude was moving ; some Tears trickled gracefully down his Cheeks : The Heart spoke, and his Language carried such Marks of Sincerity, that it could not fail to make Impression on a
Heart

Heart that was already subdued by a happy Sympathy. Rise, said *Luzeide*, in a moving Voice, and cease to entertain me with Things of which I ought to be ignorant, for your Repose and my own. Oh, very well, said the Prince, go on then to overwhelm me: I see nothing but a barbarous Hatred is to be the Reward of my Tenderness, and your Heart too cruel to yield it the least.----Rise, repeated *Luzeide*, extreamly moved, I don't hate you, and I hope always to retain Sentiments so reasonable. Permit me then, said the Prince, raising himself, to speak to you of the Tenderness of my Sentiments, and to hope that one Day yours may be correspondent. I ought not to grant you that, said the Princess, looking at him bashfully, but that we do not always shun that which we ought to dread

dread the most: I know very well it is a Fault in me to do it. It is only a Behaviour extreamly reserved, that can hinder me from repeating my Complaisance.

The Queen and the Court, who came up at this Time, interrupted these Lovers, and compell'd the Prince to confine to his Heart, the Joy that transported him. I have recived, said the Fairy, Intelligence, that I shall very soon see here the *Genii Makis*. He is a great Lord, who travels to improve himself, and comes to my Court to learn Manners, of which I don't suppose him very susceptible. He is Kinsman to the Fairy *Mutinous*, and though the Difference in our Characters does not permit any Intimacy between her and me, the Regard due to the Rank we hold, which we never can dispense, with engages me to give him a Reception

I suitable

suitable to his Birth and Station. Some Courtiers who have travelled, and have seen the *Genii* at the Court of the Fairy *Mutinous*, do not give a very advantageous Picture of him, and those who are not acquainted with him, charmed with the new Species of Ridicule, which they promise themselves, wait his Arrival with Impatience.

The Day following, the Queen was at her Toilet, when they came to acquaint her with the Arrival of the *Genii*. She ordered an Appartment to be fitted up for him in the Palace, and commanded some Lords of her Court to conduct him to it: The greatest Part of the Courtiers were gone out already to see the Show. He alighted from his Coach, with a kind of a Secretary, who read to him the Enigmas of the Learned to divert him. His Disha-

bille

bille was not the most genteel, and that join'd to the Deformity of his Person, did not raise a very flattering Impression in his Favour : He had a near Resemblance to some *English* Merchants, who in coming to travel through *France*, on their Arrival at *Calais*, assume the Title of *my Lord* at going out of the Packet Boat. He pass'd through a Crowd of Courtiers, saluting them with a haughty, though silly and embarrassed Air, and came to the Apartments allotted him, to try to lay in a *fresh Supply of Graces*.

The young Nobility of the Court, amused themselves for sometime in criticising his Equipages that were really of a strange Make, and the worst Taste; they were old Berlines antickly gilded, with great Escutchions, and Coats of Arms, quartered in sixteen Quarters, and perplexed e-

nough to tire the *Patience of the* most conceited Genealogist: They were lined with *Utrecht Velvet*: The Harness was answerable, and the Horses that were of the great Collofian Breed of *Flanders*, had never deserved either Ribbands or Cockades, and were dress'd out in a most miserable Manner. The Coachmen, Postillions, and Footmen were Dwarfs, old, and ill shaped, cloath'd in glaring Liveries, and Habits all waist: In a Word, all the Equipage, had a ridiculous Country Appearance, that discovered at the first Glimpse of the Eye, the ridiculous Turn of the Master to whom it belonged. Some Time after, the *Genii* came to demand Audience of the Queen, and appeared at Court with that Air of Haughtiness, which becomes more unsupportable, when it is not accompanied with a certain

tain Freedom of Manners: He made the Queen a studied Compliment, that was not the more esteem'd for being studied; to which she answered with her ordinary Grace: He gazed much at *Luzeide*, complimented her openly and indecently, was inflamed with her in an Instant, and made it so Public, that in two Hours no Body at Court was ignorant of it. The Prince understood it amongst the Rest, and though in reality he regarded him as a contemptible Rival, he could not defend himself against an Anxiety, which seem'd to presage his future Misfortunes. The *Genii* passed some Days in visiting all the Curiosities in the Capital, and *Luzeide* was deliver'd by that Means from his Persecutions. When his Curiosity was satisfied, he return'd to Court, and taking the first Opportunity that presen-

ted, made the Princess a blunt and artless Declaration ; he boasted of the Charms of his Person, his Rank, his Richness, and above all his Power ; and concluded by telling her, that he would greatly debase himself even to the State of a Mortal, and that he design'd her the Honour of his Himen. Though the Heart of the Princess had been free from any other Passion, the insupportable Folly of such a Discourse, had not appeared more conspicuous. She received his Proposals with that Contempt which they deserved, and treated them in such a disdainful Manner, that she was delivered for some Time from his Importunities.

C H A P.



C H A P. VII.

The Speech of Saint Julion.

THE most sprightly Diversions, always employ'd the most Part of the Time of this amiable Court. A Party of Hunting was one Day propos'd. The Queen accompanied by the Ladies of her Train, dress'd like Amazons, rode either on Horseback, or in superb Calashes; the Lords well mounted, following: *Luzeide* was charming, her Dress gave her new Graces, and the Prince could never enough admire her. He found some favourable Moments to speak to her of his Passion, and she answered in such a Manner as not to deprive him of all Hopes. The

Genii interrupted them often, and disturbed the Pleasure of the Moments that pass'd between them. He was mounted on a very fine Horse, which he managed with a very bad Grace, and to shew that he was a Man at every Thing, he spoke of Dogs, Stags, and wild Boars, with an Enthusiasm that on all other Occasions might have amused the Princess. But the Conversation of *Angola* interested her more, and nothing could compensate the Loss of it.

They arrived at the Rendezvous, and the *Genii* transported by his Ardour, relieved them of his troublesome Presence. The Prince out of Decency was obliged to quit *Luzeide*, and he met *Almair*, and they rode together into the Forest. How goes your Affair with the Princess, said *Almair*? Have you at last broke the Ice, and are your Preliminaries settled

settled ? The Princess, reply'd
Angola, suffers me to speak to her
of my Passion, but she has not
yet permitted me to discover
her own ; she keeps upon a most
extreme Reserve ; I have endea-
voured in vain to extort from her
a Confession of her Sentiments.
You are not easy to please, as it
should appear, said *Almair*. A
Woman who suffers, without be-
ing displeased, a Confession of
your Sentiments, who permits
you to repeat them to her every
Moment, is not far, I imagine,
from feeling the like Impressions,
and one may flatter himself with-
out Presumption, that the Mo-
ment of your Happiness is very
near at Hand : Your Affairs, it
is true, has been more slow with
Clenire. I suspect her of some
Inclination for you. I had occa-
sion to speak to her of you, and
she gave me some Grounds for my
Con-

Conjectures: Either I am much mistaken, or you will not have unfurmoutable Difficulties to encounter, if you are favoured by an Opportunity. After all, these are those Infidelities which need not produce any Remorse, and does not prevent your making *Luxuride* always your principal concern: But apropos, as to that, is *Elenire* at the Chase? said *Angola*. Really, reply'd *Almair*, she has not appear'd at Court for some Days past, I am much deceived, if that Retreat does not conceal some Mystery, which it may not perhaps be impossible to discover.

Their Conversation was interrupted by a Stag, that pass'd, pursued by the Dogs, and followed by a great Number of the Sportsmen. The Prince and *Almair* mingled with the Hunters, and pass'd into the Forest. They had

had eagerly followed the Chace a long Time, when *Angola* falling into his usual Reverie, engaged in a wrong Path that separated him from the rest of the Chace. He rode on for a considerable Time, without perceiving his Mistake, and when he observed it, he did not know how to repair it. He followed at a Venture the first Road that presented itself: As the Day began to be spent, he found himself within Sight of a very handsome House; he made up towards it with Design to ask the Way, and when he came near the Park Walk, he perceived a Door open; he alighted from his Horse, and having fasten'd him to a Tree, he advanced between delightful Groves which terminated in a Garden very handsomely laid out: They were cut out in Water-works, and adorn'd with Statues, the Alley

in which he was, led insensibly to a Pavilion, situated in a Corner of the Garden, between close Thickets, and shelter'd from the Heat of the Sun. It was roof'd after the *Chinese* Manner, and nothing was to be seen but Doors and Windows, except on one Side. *Angola* approached it without thinking, when casting his Eye towards the inside of the Pavilion, he fancied he saw something move; he slid gently along the Thickets, and coming close up to the Window, he perceived that it was a Woman bathing in that delicious Place. Her Head was turn'd from him, he could not distinguish her Face; but the Beauties that presented themselves to his View, sufficiently compensated that Loss. Every Motion the Person made discovered something new. He gluttred himself for some Time, with the Sight
of

of an Object so attracting. He felt the Desire inseparable from his Years, and which governed him absolutely: Violently excited by this Occasion, he forgot all the World, and dream'd of nothing but the Means of possessing those Beauties that offer'd to his View. The Lady, rising to go out of the Bath, added Flame to Fire, by discovering those more secret Beauties, which the Water had hitherto concealed from him. In coming out of the Bath, she turned about, and perceiving the Head of the Prince through the Window, she gave a great Shriek, and gain'd precipitately an Alcove in which there was a little Bed in a Niche. How great was the Surprize of the Prince, when he knew that Person to be the same *Clenire*, of whom *Almair* had spoke to him, and whose Absence surprized them so much:

He

He turned quickly to the Door of the Pavilion, and entered it, asking Pardon for his Indiscretion, and *proposing to himself to commit a much greater.*

She was still almost naked, and the Precipitation, with which she would put herself in a more decent Situation, served only to retard her Design, and exposed to the Prince's View, Charms beyond Expression. She knew him, and that heighten'd her Confusion. I don't know, said she to him, what Motive brought you here, but I have Reason to complain of your Indiscretion. Chance only conducted me hither, said the Prince, and what Thanks shall I not render it! don't envy me, Madam, continued he, approaching her, an Happiness so exquisite: What Mortal such an Enemy to himself, could refuse admiring such ravishing Beauties,
of

of which the Gods themselves are envious! Give over those Speeches that confound me, reply'd *Clair* in a faltering Tone, I blush, that you should have any Grounds to make them; and besides, I am persuaded, you would be as prodigal of them to other Objects, and that I ought not to believe them very sincere. Be more just to yourself, Madam, said the Prince, and believe that the Impressions which you make are too lively to stand in Need of the Assistance of a feigned Ardour: Mine is inexpressible, continued he, falling upon his Knees, and using all those Court Phrases, with which they agree to deceive one another. The Vehemence of his Desires, the Strength of the Temptation, the Charms, which an extraordinary Undress exposed to his View, all conjoin'd to give his Transports the Air of a real Passion,

Passion, whereof the Source was not in the Heart, but its exterior Appearance the same as if it were. *Clenire* already soften'd and prepossessed in his Favour, began to partake of his Transports. Day-light declining, rendered *Angola* more daring, and concealed the Blushes of *Clenire*. *That is always a great Advantage over Irresolution on such sort of Occasions.* The Situation was commodious and voluptuous: The Prince pushed his Enterprize dexterously; he snatch'd a Kiss, and with his Hand press'd her charming Bosom; she chided him, he ask'd Pardon for his Fault, and the Minute after became more culpable. She disputed one Thing, and yielded another; at last, nothing was to be heard but confused Sighs. The Prince transported by his Passion, arrived by Degrees, to the most ravishing Pleasures.

The

The most enchanting Beauties were exposed to his Caresses. *Clenire* resisted still, but it was that amiable Resistance that raised their Pleasure to the highest Pitch. In a Word, she yielded to Love, and a much loved Lover. *Angola*, happy *Angola*, plunged himself into the most rapturous Delights ; Sunk in a Torrent of Pleasures, he could do nothing but kiss and embrace with Transports : She, on her Part, overwhelmed him with Caresses, and imagined she never could do enough for him. His Transports were not abated ; he lost himself in new Delights. The Beauties which he now possessed, seemed to him to merit a very particular Homage : He clasp'd her again eagerly, and his Soul endeavour'd to mingle itself with hers. *Clenire* participated the luscious Confusion ; every Moment more charmed

K

med

med with one another, they had not Power to resist giving the strongest Proofs of their Ardour. Pleasures succeeded Pleasures with inconceivable Rapidity, and they quitted that delicious Place to retire into *Clenire's* House, who had offered it the Prince to rest himself till the next Day. They supped together, and kept upon the serious to impose upon the People that waited on them. After the Repast, they retired into a charming Apartment; every Thing invited them to renew their Tenderness. *Angola* soon desired to repeat the same Raptures, and she yielded to his Transports after a slight Resistance which a Woman who knows the World ought never to dispense with, she permitted him to conduct her to a dark Alcove, where the most ravishing Pleasures followed soon after. The Prince

held her in his Arms, a Couch presented itself, some would have yielded to a less Temptation, and many Women surrender, who cannot assign so good Reasons for their Fault. *Angola* knew how to take Advantage: He reviewed the same Charms that had seduced him in the bathing Pavilion, all was permitted, in hopes that he would abuse his Permission; he did not deceive the Expectations of *Clenire*. Their Pleasures were inexpressible, and the amorous Moments, were so well employed that neither Reflection nor Remorse could find an Opportunity to disturb them. In one of these Moments, when the most violent Passion is obliged to draw Bridle, *Clenire* protested to the Prince, that from the first Sight, she was sensible of an Inclination for him, but having perceived that he had an Eye to *Luzelde*,

she combated her Inclination, and
 that, at last, judging by the Dif-
 ficulty she had in accomplishing
 it, that Absence was the only Re-
 medy she had to preserve her Re-
 pose, she had taken the Resoluti-
 on to retire to her House in the
 Country to fortify her Resoluti-
 ons. You are come to banish
 them, said she, to the Prince,
 with an amiable Languishment,
 and I ought to be very angry with
 you for having disturb'd the
 Tranquillity I began to enjoy ;
 the Prince charmed with a Con-
 fession so flattering, regarded it as
 a new Debt he had contracted
 with her, and discharged it with
 a scrupelous Nicety with which
 she had Reason to be satisfied :
 At last, after having pass'd a
 most delicious Night, they part-
 ed, multiplying Protestations ,
 which neither the one nor the o-
 ther depended much upon. The
 Prince

Prince remounted his Horse, and returned to the City.

CHAP. VIII.

Necessary, though Tedious

ANGOLA, after passing some Moments at his House to repair the Disorder, which the Fatigue of the last Night had committed on his Person and Dress, appear'd at Court, least a longer Absence, might afford Matter of Discourse. Several Persons of the Chace had taken Notice of his Absence, they attacked him with some Raillery, to which he answered with an easy Air that insensibly put a Stop to them, but he could not use the same Dissimulation with *Almair*. You must permit me, said he to *Angola* taking

ling him aside, to carry my Con-
 jecture a little further, about your
 wandering. It does not appear
~~to me very natural that it should~~
 be altogether without a preme-
 ditated Design, I would willingly
 suspect you to be better with *Lu-
 zeide* than you would make me
 believe, and that, that sudden
 Eclipse might very well conceal
 some secret Rendezvous, which I
 imagine was not selfish to you. I
 wish, reply'd *Angola* in Confusion,
 that your Conjectures were true.
 I adore *Luzeide*, and that Party
 which you imagine to have been
 made in Concert with her, over-
 whelms me with Remorse, and
 appears in my Opinion the most
 cruel Offence. Explain yourself
 clearly, said *Almair*, all this con-
 founds me, I declare to you up-
 on my Word, my Penetration is
 entirely at a Stand. Know then,
 said the Prince, my Crime and
 my

my Error. I lost my Way in the Chase; Chance conducted me to a House in the Country; there I found a Lady all alone bathing, Ye Gods! how beautiful she was! but what must appear to you very singular, it was that same *Clenfire*, whose Absence surpris'd you. What would you have, said the Prince blushing, the Opportunity was ticklish. My Desire attracted me, Generosity repell'd me, and Pride suggested to me that it would be an Imputation on my Courage not to venture on so fair an Occasion. Beauties capable to tempt even the Gods presented themselves to my View, and flattered me with the Hopes of their Possession.

I yielded to the powerful Illusion, and we pass'd the Night in a Torrent of Pleasures, to which I ought not to give that Name, as long as the Remorse that tears me

me, regards them as a criminal Mistake, and a cruel Offence to *Luzeide*, whereof my Repentance will sufficiently revenge her. I protest to you, said *Almair*, the Air of Consternation with which you relate to me so agreeable an Adventure, appears to me very extraordinary. What in the Name of Wonder would you be at? Chance has so happily befriended you, as to procure you the Favours of a charming Woman, and one whom all the Court idolizes, and you would take it into your Head to imagine that Roncounter a dismal Misfortune, which you ought to look upon as your greatest Glory; and that merely to obtain the Name of a ridiculous Constancy long since banished from all People of Fashion. In Truth, I do not understand you, you have in your Character a Medley, composed of a glimmering Knowledge of the Court

Court and a trifling way of Thinking, which forms an extraordinary Contrast: Where have you learn'd, if you please, that amongst People of Rank, one is so very scrupulous? Can you imagine to yourself, that the admirable *Luzeide*, whom I believe to be composed of the same Materials with other Women, would by taking Notice of such trifling Faults, deprive herself of an Opportunity of returning you Tit for Tat? Things which I don't believe her more disposed to deprive herself of, than the rest of her Sex. But apropos, as to that, the *Genii Makis* besets her strongly, he pushes his Point with an Ardour that makes her tremble, and what I conceive to be more fatal, he speaks of Marriage; and an Alliance of that sort is very much capable to dazzle the Queen, and to determine her in his Fa-

L vour:

your: You may imagine how
 such an Union afrightens *Luzeide*;
 she can relish neither the Person
 nor Manners of a Man so very
 singular, and if it happens that
 this Marriage takes place, I fore-
 see that it will be very unhappy,
 and extremely fatal. They shall
 sooner deprive me of Life, said
Angola, for, my dear *Almair*, I
 may discover my Designs to you.
Luzeide has made an Impression
 on my Heart, altogether different
 from all other Women to whom
 I have been hitherto attached: It
 is her Character and her Virtue
 which I love, and I am resolved
 to unite her Fate with mine, with
 the Consent of the Queen. Tho'
 I am concern'd to see you under-
 take so suddenly a Thing we fre-
 quently repent, said *Almair*, and
 which exposes us to act a Sort of
 foolish Part, I cannot refuse you
 my Advice on an Affair of such
 Con-

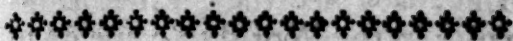
Consequence to you. In the first Place we are not to act the Gladiator, nor to use Violence Face to Face, with a Man, who at the first sight is too prudent to yield to it; and who, besides that, having immense Power, would be able to punish you according to the Degree of his Rage; and the least that could happen to you, would be to be enchanted for a thousand Years, till some Knight Errant begot in the Pericranium of some Romance Writer, comes to deliver you by cutting him and all the Monsters left to guard you to Pieces; it would vex one to be obliged to wait your Deliverance, by Means so extravagant; it will be better to take a Method more sagacious and less dangerous. *Makis*, who takes all sort of Pains to engage the Affection of the Princess, intends soon to give a Masquerade, whereat the Queen,

Luzeide, and the Ladies of the Court will not fail to assist. It will be easy to inform one's self in what Manner they are to be disguised, and though I don't imagine that the Eyes of a Lover stands much in Need of such Intelligence, by that Means you will know *Luzeide*, and take Advantage of the Liberty of the Masquerade, and the Goodness which she has discovered for you, to explain to her your Intentions, and concert proper Measures together to make them successful. In the Interim I will expose to the Queen the Defects in the Person and Character of the *Genii*. I shall make her sensible how unhappy *Luzeide* would be, if such a Sacrifice was demanded of her, and from thence I will lead her insensibly to observe, how much better that Union would be concerted if it regarded you. I will dexterously
 found

found her Dispositions, and we may regulate afterwards the Measures, which we have to take to accomplish it. That is well contrived, said *Angola*, and I have great Hopes from the Wisdom of this Arrangement. I trust to your Penetration as to what relates to *Luminous*, and I shall not despair of informing myself of the Heart and Resolutions of *Luzeide*.

The Prince pass'd the following Day endeavouring to take all Opportunities to speak to the Princess; but beset eternally by the *Genii*, with Difficulty he could find some Moments to speak a few broken Sentences to her, which she answered by obliging Words: It is true he saw in her Eyes an Impression of Sorrow that seem'd the Effect of a Constraint which she would avoid, and which in some Measure comforted his Unhappiness by the Part she seem'd to take in it.

The *Genii*, puff'd up with his Power, spoke haughtily of his Passion, as a Thing which *Luzeide* ought to look upon as a great Honour ; and all the Court sensible of his Folly, lamented the Fate which attended the Princess in so unlucky an Union. *Luminous* was in no Measure blinded with regard to *Makis* ; none of his Faults escaped her Penetration, but the Greatness of the Power of the *Genii*, that could give Immortality to *Luzeide*, and the Desire she had to reconcile herself to the Fairy *Mutinous* by that Alliance, bias'd her in his Favour, and shut her Eyes against all the Arguments that might have been urged against it.



C H A P. IX.

*An old fashioned Masquerade. The
Force of Habit.*

AT last, the Day fixed for the Masquerade arrived, and all the young People of both Sexes belonging to the Court, prepared to appear at it with Eclat. The *Genii* with a View to please *Luzeide*, and to give her an Idea of his Magnificence, carried his Extravagance to the utmost Excess. The Front of his Palace was illuminated and adorned with Lamps and artificial Fireworks; he had given admirable Orders, that every Thing should be conducted with Regularity; notwithstanding this, which will appear very surprising at this

L 3

Day

Day, they had the greatest Difficulty in the World to come up to the Door with an Equipage. The Guards of the Masquerade, destined to maintain Order and prevent Tumult, were all drunk and augmented the Disorder rather than appeas'd it. They refused Access to several honest People, and at the same Instant admitted all the most slovenly of the inferior Class. The Refreshments that cost an immense Sum, the most delicate Wines of *Asia*, became the Prey of Slaves, and such Sort of People; and those of Distinction, for whom all appear'd to have been designed, had none of it. Such Disorders will appear incredible at this Day, where all these kind of Entertainments are conducted with extraordinary Decorum by *the Clearness of the Understandings* of those who are entrusted with them. But in the Time we
are

are speaking of, it was not at all the same, a promising Exterior, was all that was looked for in these sort of People; as to their Capacity for Business, they willingly dispensed with their giving any Proofs of it.

Besides the Masquerade was conducted in this Manner, that it might be agreeable to the People of a fine Air. They could not even move in it; and as there is nothing so silly as to dance at a Masquerade, or so absurd as to come with that Intention, they were served according to their Taste; for they had scarce the Liberty of breathing. As to the rest, the Place was magnificent; it was a long Range of grand Appartments superbly furnished, whereof some were set a-part for all kinds of Games invented to ruin, and to which they gave themselves up at that Time with a kind of
of

of Madness that dishonoured Humanity. The excessive Rage of those who lost, and the extravagant Transports of those who were successful, form'd an useful Picture to keep People of Sense upon their Guard against such dangerous Follies.

In the Dancing-rooms one saw an innumerable Multitude of Masques of both Sexes magnificently dress'd, and that presented the most lively and splended Prospect. *Angola* and *Almair* out of Decency arrived two Hours after Midnight ; they had a good deal of difficulty to push their Way in. At last, after a thousand Struggles, they reach'd an Apartment where the Company was a little select : They went in, and saw a Group of Masques, amongst whom they fancied they discovered the Queen and *Luzeide*, who were dancing the Carrols of *Dunkirk*.

kirk. *Angola* was informed of the Manner in which *Luzeide* was masqued : He had been assured that she would be in White with Waves of Gold. He placed himself behind a Lady dressed in that Manner, who was in a Country Dance, and entertain'd him with many Fooleries in that amiable Squeak peculiar to the Masquerade, and which he understood perfectly well. She answered in the same Fashion ; she blustered much ; he was insupportable ; she complained of his outrageous Folly ; she raised frequently the lower Part of his Masque ; she asked him some of those Questions that are applicable to every Body ; she knew him, but did not appear as if she did, but acted the entire Stranger, pretended to be terribly tired of him and his Questions, and after the Country Dance was over, took him aside,
to

to chide him for his Persecution ; and, in reality, fully resolved to expose herself to those more essential.

They retired together into a Corner, and *Angola*, perswaded that it was *Luzeide*, assured her that he knew her, and begged her to unmask. He swore to her, that his Heart could not deceive him, and added Protestations of the most tender Passion he could think of. The Masque received them with a Coldness that surprized him. He redoubled his Importunities to make her unmasque ; but, how vast his Surprise, when having yielded to his Persecutions, she took off her Masque and presented him, instead of the Features of *Luzeide*, with those of *Clenire*, of whom he did not in the least dream : He was Thunder-struck in an Instant, but he knew too much of the
World,

World, and had of Consequence too much Craft, not to repair his Error quickly. Ingrate, said she to him, darting at him Looks composed of Love and Rage, is this the Reward of my Condescension ? Is it not enough for you to betray me basely, unless you add to it the cruel Pleasure of giving me Evidence of your Perfidy ? She got up briskly, and would have quitted him, when *Angola*, who had Time to recollect himself, laughed so immoderately, that she took it for a new Insult. Her Rage encreas'd, when the Prince stopping her, with a dissembled Smile, said, I acknowledge that I have made you pay dear for the Trouble I had to make you unmasque ; I knew you in a Minute, and to be revenged of your Obstinacy, I thought of feigning to take you for *Luzeide*, whom I had just
come

come from speaking to that Instant, and left in another Room. I am overjoyed that I put that little Peace of Pleasantry upon you, since it serves to shew me, how much the Loss of me would affect you; and the Satisfaction that gives me, hinders me from repenting the Chagrin it may have given you. You know my Weakness too well, reply'd *Clenire*, and that it is easy to abuse a Heart that is too much inclined to believe you innocent! But, why that Fancy, said *Angola*, what puts such Notions in your Head? Sincerely I love you exceedingly: Believe my Transports, continued he, coming nearer her, rather than my Words; they are excessive, and I could wish that you would participate. Perhaps you only make believe, said *Clenire*, because the Place, and our Situation prevents my satisfying myself;

self; and I imagine, that only *Luzeide* can flatter herself with the Power of exciting them. Surprising Effect of Vanity, and the Extravagance to which it hurries young People! It is plain, that *Angola* adored *Luzeide*, and that he had for *Clenire* but feint obliging Sentiments, such as we have for a Woman who has loaded us with her most valuable Favours, and who has dealt handsomely by us; yet the Discourse of *Clenire* appeared to him a cruel and insupportable kind of Rail-lery, that made him forget his Remorse and Oaths. He was acquainted with Arguments capable of convincing her; he offered them under a favourable Colour that diminished their seducing Splendour without depriving them of any Part of their Force. He was tempted in vain, to render the Consequence serviceable to them.

them both ; by the Impossibility of accomplishing it, he gained so much upon the Tenderneſs of *Clenire*, as to engage her to ſatisfy herſelf of his Sincerity. In vain would ſhe reſuſe to ſubmit to ſuch *palpable* Arguments : She began to yield with a forced Complaiſance : Without Doubt it was not in her Power to withſtand an Evidence ſo convincing. Very ſoon after an Emotion of Generoſity, and an Inclination to diſplay her Diſinterreſtedneſs to *Angola*, obliged her to continue her good Offices. She was even willing, by an Exceſs of Delicacy, to ſee where it would end. The Prince did not abuſe her Patience ; his Reaſons were ſtrong. The Preſence of *Clenire* gave them freſh Ardour ; in a little Time they attracted all her Attention, and obliged her at laſt to ſubmit to their Energy,

re-

regretting grievously that she could not oppose him with Arguments of the same kind.

The Prince expressed his Gratitude to her in the strongest Terms. He could not sufficiently praise the Honour and Disinterestedness that had appeared in the Discussion of their Interests. He continued some Time with her, and endeavoured to assume a Tranquillity in his Mind. At last they got up, and mixed with the Crowd, she endeavouring to persuade herself that she was beloved, and the Prince loaded with Remorse for the Time passed, and full of Anxiety about the Time to come, was endeavouring to discover *Luzeide*. He found her easily; she was unmasked, and dancing a Minuet with the *Genii*. *Angola* was charm'd with her Air and Judgment. Tho' they play'd the

M Coupee

Coupee Minuet, she did not lose one Second of the Time, and danced the Marcell Step with singular Exactness. A white Domino garnished with Waves of Gold, an Head-Dress in the same Taste, a Multitude of Diamonds, Hair curl'd in the most perfect Elegance, a noble Taste diffused over all her Dress, infinitely heightened her Beauty, to which the *Genii* served but as the Shade in a Picture. The Prince waited with Impatience that he might dance with her. He called for the Minuet of *Laveau*, and acquitted himself so, as to attract the Applause of the Assembly. When they had done, the Princess gave him her Hand to take some Turns through the Room, and the Prince laid hold of that Opportunity to promote what he had in View. How very dear shall I pay, Madam, said he in
a low

a l
men
may
Ton
tenf
not
quer
ry r
odio
the
enco
reply
berty
whil
cruel
darin
Hop
ation
feel t
cost
regar
speak
sibly
laid a
greate

a low Voice, for the few Moments I pass with you, and which may be followed with very cruel Torments? I understand the Pretensions of the *Genii*, and I cannot enough dread their Consequence. They should appear very remote, said *Luzeide*, and his odious Character is not, perhaps, the greatest Obstacle he has to encounter. How happy is he, reply'd *Angola*, to have the Liberty to move his Passion openly, whilst I, obliged to observe a cruel Silence, languish without daring to conceive the smallest Hopes? Envy him not his Situation, said the Princess, and I feel that such a Thought would cost me too much, if it should regard you. Whilst they were speaking, they dropp'd insensibly into an empty Room: They laid aside their Masques to be at greater Liberty, and believing

that they were not observed, they continued their Conversation in their natural Voice, without the Squeak usual in the Ball.

It would be some Pain to you to hate me, said *Angola*, resuming their Conversation ; ah, Madam, the Ardour of my Sentiments deserves something more. It is Love only that can recompence a Passion so perfect as mine, but you glory in a cruel Insensibility that accumulates my Misfortunes ; you deserve, for your Punishment, that I should permit you to continue in your Error, reply'd *Luzeide*. Your Heart is free enough whilst you are still Mistress of your Determinations, reply'd *Angola* , mine is in a very different Situation. I adore you, I lose you without the Power to prevent it ; I cannot merit your Tendernefs. What a Combination of Evils ! And how is it possible

fible
Prin
some
agita
too
passi
to m
in a
tion
much
ough
rend
vour
noth
most
to m
be u
then
Men
Quee
my
hope
cess
will
you

sible not to sink under them ? The Prince, in speaking thus, let drop some Tears. His Heart was agitated, and his Expressions were too sincere, not to move Compassion. Why do you discover to me this Despair, said *Luzeide*, in a moving Accent, the Disposition of my Heart speaks but too much in your Favour, perhaps I ought to resist them more ; render yourself worthy of so favourable an Inclination, and fear nothing from the *Genii*. The most dreadful Fate would appear to me agreeable, rather than to be united to him. Permit me then, said the Prince, to make Mention of our Marriage to the Queen : This is the Object of all my Wishes, and allow me to hope, that whilst I wait the Success of my Endeavours, that you will preserve the Inclination which you mention in my Favour, and
that

that you will resist all the Importunities of the *Genii*. I detest him so much, without regard to the Prepossession in your Favour, said *Luzeide*, presenting him her Hand, I should prefer even Death itself to so dreadful a Destiny. I will be yours, or give my Hand to none else. The Prince, sensibly affected by such an agreeable Promise, snatched eagerly one of her Hands, which he kissed with the most delicious Transport: A slight Favour, but what in his Eyes was infinitely more valuable than all those he had obtained from other Women. The Princess, though excited by her Prepossession, defended it with a modest Reserve, which augmented the Bliss. She threw off her Tenderness, they returned to the Ball, without suspecting the cruel Misfortune with which they were threatened.

En-

En-
anot
inter
that
by a
who
feign
lost
It w
foll
first
inter
vour
thei
Wi
ness
tem
spok
Rag
ty t
tool
self
De
flan
the
Mu

Entirely taken up with one another, in a Conversation so very interesting, they had not observed that they were taken Notice of by a Masque in a black *Domino*, who retired to a Corner, and feigning to be asleep, had not lost one Word of their Discourse. It was the terrible *Genii*. He had followed them in the Ball, and the first Words of their Conversation interested him enough to endeavour to be inform'd of the rest of their Conversation ; he had been Witness to their mutual Tenderness ; and the odious and contemptible Manner in which they spoke of him transported him with Rage ; he had the utmost Difficulty to contain his Passion, and if he took much Pains to constrain himself, it was to form the most terrible Design, which he executed in an Instant. The Ball was near at a close, the Lights were diminished, the Musicians, either drunk or asleep, made

made no use of their Instruments. The Crowd was dispersed, all the Company were unmasqued; the White and the Red, trickled down in Abundance from off the plaister'd Faces, and exposed to full View the faint, pale, and pimpled Countenance which afforded a disagreeable Spectacle of battered Coquetry. They had just resolved to bespeak Suppers of Onions and Capons with much Salt, when the Queen thought of retiring. The Ladies before they parted made a hundred Compliments, as false, as frivolous, mutually commending their Disguise and Beauty, and at Bottom thought both the one and the other detestable; at last, after all the miserable Formalities on such Occasions, the Queen went out first led by *Angola*. The *Genii*, who waited that Opportunity to execute his Design, presented his Hand to *Luzeide*. A grey Equipage with
Ser-

Serv
ed,
the
her
of
Mist
touc
thre
takes
vanis

T

T
whole
long i
presen
Suspici
the G
jecture

Servants without Liveries appeared; she went into it without the least Diffidence. He drove her with great Speed to the Gate of the City: She discovers her Misfortune, and cries out, he touched her with his Wand, and threw her into a deep Sleep: He takes her into his Chariot, and vanished with her in the Air.

CHAP. X.

That leads to great Affairs.

THE Noise of the Rape of *Luzeide* spread over the whole Court, and *Angola* was not long ignorant; they did not know presently on whom to fix their Suspicions; but the Absence of the *Genii* determined their Conjectures. The Prince transported

N with

with Rage, ran to *Luzeide's* Apartments, and found her People in the utmost Consternation ; as he could get no Intelligence there, he went to the Palace of *Makis* ; all that he could discover there was, that the *Genii* was absent without acquainting any Body with the Mystery of his Journey. *Angola* was desperate, not knowing to whom to apply : He returned to the Palace, and found there all the Company inform'd of the cruel Adventure. They began to suspect the *Genii* to have a Hand in it, and discoursed of a hundred different Things, that did not at all satisfy the Impatience of the Prince. He was introduced to the Queen's Closet, and throwing himself upon his Knees in all the Transports of the most poignant Grief, *Luzeide* is carried off, Madam, said he to the Queen ; the *Genii* has committed

mi
yo
Cr
un
py
Pro
Qu
Att
give
has
Frie
me
her
Cau
whic
now
it av
any
the P
to d
which
I aff
and y
flatter
tages

mitted before your Eyes, and in your Court, the most horrid Crime. Will you let him pass unpunish'd, and suffer that unhappy Princess to invoke in vain your Protection. I know, said the Queen; all the Baseness of the Attempt of the *Genii*, and I have given *Luzeide* all the Assistance she has a Right to expect from my Friendship. But you appear to me to take too deep a Concern in her Misfortune, and you give me Cause to suspect some Things of which I have endeavoured till now to be blind to. What would it avail me to dissemble with you any longer? said *Angola*: I adore the Princess, and I am so bold as to declare to you, Sentiments which you ought not to disapprove; I aspire to be united with her, and you know that you cannot flatter me with the same Advantages with you: Obliged by my

Rank to make a Choice, I have
 consulted the Inclinations of my
 Heart; I hope to be assured of
 my Happiness by your giving your
 Approbation; judge of my Des-
 pair, and the cruel Situation I am
 in. Can you refuse me your Relief,
 said he, embracing her Knees,
 and the Tears trickling down,
 and can you look upon the Excess
 of my Sorrow, without applying
 the Remedies in your Power?
 See here then, said the Queen, the
 Effects of the cruel Predictions of
Mutenous. Will you plunge your-
 self into these Misfortunes, which
 I would have you avoid. Ingrate,
 continued she with an Air of Con-
 tempt, the Possession then of my
 Heart cannot satisfy you, and at
 the Time when I thought myself
 Mistress of yours, you think of
 nothing but how to deceive me.
 Ascribe it, reply'd *Angola*, to the
 Force of my Stars, that obliges
 me

me
 Env
 unha
 ses n
 resist
 then
 Love
 on y
 my C
 since
 ing y
 nish
 vering
 of the
 tifyin
 Meas
 out, a
 aside
 Axle-
 very
 where
 this Pl
 ed Lu
 in vain
 See ho

me to renounce a Fate worthy of Envy, to deliver myself up to an unhappy Passion, which promises nothing but Misery. I cannot resist my Destiny ; don't refuse then your Aid to two unhappy Lovers, who depend entirely upon your Protection. You excite my Compassion, said the Fairy ; since nothing is capable of altering your Resolutions, I will furnish you with the Means of delivering *Luzeide* out of the Hands of the *Genii*; and perhaps in gratifying you, I shall compleat the Measure of your Misfortunes. Set out, and follow without turning aside the Road to *China* : The Axle-tree of your Chaise will break very opportunely at a Place, where you are to stop ; it is to this Place the *Genii* has transported *Luzeide* ; here he endeavours in vain to conquer her Severity. See here, said she, a Box of

Sweetmeats which I give you ; there is in it Cahoo and Lozenges perfumed with Saffron of a violet Colour ; you must take Care to distribute them amongst the Monsters who will oppose your Entrance, and to spare yourself the Trouble of sustaining the Combat of which the Success is uncertain, order to be put into the Box of your Chaise some Bottles of excellent *Vin de Brie*, which you must not fail to leave with the *Swiss*: Amongst the Lacqueys and other Domesticks, you must dexterously drop some Packs of Cards, and new-coin'd Pont-Neufs, and you will by that Means divert them from taking Notice of you : As to the rest, if by any unforeseen Accident, you should have Occasion for my Assistance, you have only to call me to your Relief ; but that must not be but in the last Extremity. The Fates have ordain'd that I can afford you Relief but

on
me
aff
less
tha
py
Co
ven
wa
Fo
par
Aff
the
Th
Rec
ther
cou
Pri
he v
him
wen
and
I
slep
jolte

once; and if you have recourse to me on some trifling Occasion, I assure you, that you render fruitless all my good Intentions, and that you ruin for ever the unhappy *Luzeide*. A Reason of such Consequence will no doubt prevent your imploring my Aid wantonly, and putting me on a Footing with the Fairies my Companions, who never come to the Assistance of Princes, but to help them to say or do some foolish Thing, and to partake in the Redicule to which they expose them. The Queen after this Discourse tenderly embraced the Prince; he took his Leave of her; he went to his House to undress himself, fell into the Dumps, went to Bed, eat some Broth, and gave Orders for his setting out.

He had a very good Journey, slept all the Way without being jolted. At that Time, the Roads

were admirable over the whole Kingdom. The Intendants of the Queen were so closely look'd after that they were all poor, and one could not too much admire their Honesty and Disinterestedness. He had even good Post Horses, and was well served; this one would hardly believe: In a Word, after having travelled several Days, he arrived about Noon, within Sight of a pretty tolerable City: The Axel-tree of his Chaise broke in coming up to the Gate. He did not fail to scold his Valet de Chambre, and having given Orders that it should be instantly put to rights, he dressed himself, and ordered the Landlord of the House to come up, that he might learn some Intelligence from him. Sir, said the Landlord (who had not forgot to question the Prince's Servants, who had told him much, that

that
there
power
in t
Seas
been
Perf
much
from
ever
fee h
his C
rave
gons
yet l
caut
Perf
gine
self
in t
after
relat
of th
rid o
adva

that he would not have known) there is a Pleasure House of the powerful *Genii Makis*. He passes in this City a Part of the fine Season: He is arrived; he has been here some Days with a young Person, that by her Air seems much afflicted; he conceals her from all the World, and to deter every Body from attempting to see her, he has fill'd the Courts of his Castle with Griffins, Ostriches, ravenous Wolves, and fiery Dragons that defend the Entrance; yet I am persuaded that such Precautions cannot at all regard a Person of your Rank, and I imagine when you have made yourself known you will be received in the best Manner. He began afterwards a long Conversation to relate to the Prince all the Pranks of the *Genii*. *Angola*, having got rid of him with much Difficulty, advanced towards the Castle.

When

When arrived at the Gate, he asked if the *Genii* was visible; the *Swiss* half drunk, answered him that there was no Body there. But the Valet de Chambre that attended the Prince, having signified his Master's Rank, and artfully letting him see some sealed up Bottles which he carried with him, the *Swiss* overcome by so tempting a Bait, asked him Pardon all of a sudden, fell a Whistling, and the Prince advanced into the Court; he encountered in his Passage the several Monsters he had been told of. He did not fail to distribute amongst them the Sweatmeats, and they immediately fell upon them, and made a grand Feast of the perfumed Lozenges, for they were then in the Height of the Mode. He went up to the Appartments by a very fine Stair-Case; and when he arrived in the Antichamber,

ber,
men
ly w
Hea
Pach
Pont
in a
their
Bod
any
ente
Ran
furni
ture
who
ing
Tim
prou
ed o
the
cam
men
ty g
that
ther

ber, he met a Multitude of Footmen, who stared at him impudently with their Hats fixed to their Heads ; he dexterously dropt the Pack of Cards, and new-coin'd Pont-neufs, that were pick'd up in an Instant, and employed all their Attention. He could find no Body, from whom he could learn any Thing, and was obliged to enter all alone ; he pass'd a long Range of Appartments grandly furnished, and adorn'd with Pictures of the Ancestors of the *Genii*, who were all remarkable for being the greatest Men of their Time. *Makis* was extremely proud of his Nobility, and boasted of Master of *Malta*, and of all the other Orders ; at last, he came to the most remote Appartment, and having with Difficulty got clear of several Tapestries that was placed one above another, he entered the Chamber :

Three

Three or four Dogs came to bark at him, and stunn'd him with their Yelping. Having gone round a prodigious large Skreen, he perceived *Luzeide* on a long Chair, plunged in the deepest Melancholy. She shriek'd out with a Mixture of Joy and Surprize. What is it you, said she in a moving Tone? by what happy Chance have you been able to penetrate even into my Apartment, without submitting to the Dangers which defend the Entry. What Danger would not I encounter, said the Prince, much moved, and throwing himself on his Knees, to skreen you from the Tyranny of a Barbarian, I'll wash his Treachery in his Blood, and his immense Power is not able to skreen him from my Vengeance. All your Courage will be fruitless, dear Prince, said *Luzeide*, and only serve to encrease our Misfortunes;

I have

I have
secuti
fence
ments
order
Assen
assist
pose
at his
Death
break
to yo
Hear
liver
said t
even
tinued
ed al
of L
at th
ner
Mon
mest
is ac
Senti

I have endured the most cruel Persecutions from the *Genii*; his Absence leaves me at last some Moments of Repose; he is set out in order to go to *Ginnistan* to an Assembly whereat he is obliged to assist; he has warn'd me to dispose myself to answer his Passion at his Return; but the most cruel Death shall never oblige me to break that Faith I have pledged to you, who shall only have my Heart and my Hand. I shall deliver you from these Anxieties, said the Prince. I have penetrated even into your Apartments, continued he, and I have surmounted all Obstacles by the Assistance of *Luminous*. He related to her at the same Time in what Manner he was delivered from the Monsters, and the *Genii's* Domestics. The Queen, continued he, is acquainted with our mutual Sentiments; she freely gave her
Consent

Consent to our happy Union; let us go Madam this Instant, my Chaise is at Hand, we may pretend to walk in the Garden, and conceal ourselves from the Vigilance of those that guard us. The Prince, during this Conversation, was seated in an elbow Chair near *Luzeide's* Couch, and he fell without knowing it, into the Snare the *Genii* had laid for him. The *Genii* depending very little on the Princess, and besides greatly prejudic'd against Women, had thought proper, before he parted from her, to secure her Fidelity by such powerful Means, as left him no room for Jealousy. He had composed a Talisman, the Effects whereof should be exceeding singular. He had made Use of, to endue them with strange Effects, some new Odes, two Volumes of the Mercury, and two Panegirics; and after the necessary

Con-

Conjurations he endued all with a soporific Quality, that would not produce its Effect, but in the Instant that the Lover, encouraged by the Sight of his Mistress, should attempt her Honour: A profound Sleep would interrupt their tender Caresses, and recur as often as he should make the same Attempt. The Prince seated himself upon the Talisman, without knowing it, and in an Instant, (such was the Power of the Things that composed it) when he was in the middle of the most tender Speech, which he address'd to *Luzeide*, he yawn'd three times, and his Eyes were heavy. The Princess attributed it to the Fatigue of his Journey. He renewed his Importunities to her, to persuade her to go away, and she at last consented, urged by the Love she had for him, and by the Dread with which the

Genii

Genii had inspired her. She went out just as she was, in her little Gown and Slippers, scarce giving herself Time to throw about her Shoulders a Rose-coloured Mantlet lined with Sable. They passed the Chambers. The Lacqueys and the Chamber Maids, taken up with their Play and their Ballads, did not in the least oppose their Passage. They descended, and took some Turns in the Garden: From thence they return'd to the Court, and having found the same Monsters, who have always the same Appetites, he distributed amongst them the rest of the Provision of Sweetmeats, which they soon dispatch'd: They would, I believe, have swallowed all *Lombard-street*. The Prince did not give them Time to oppose him; and having found the *Swiss* in his ordinary State, that is, almost dead drunk, he happily got out.

The

The
and
ty.
ral
moun
possib
King



A M

T
comp
ed his
into v
duced
able
each o
of th
they

The Prince's Chaise was refitted, and waited at the Gate of the City. They went to it through several By-ways, and were presently mounted. They pursued with all possible Speed, the Road to the Kingdom of *Luminous*.



CHAP. XI.

*A Marriage without Effect, the
Resource of Self-love.*

THE Passion of the Prince, which at this Time was accompanied with Respect, prevented his discovering the fatal State into which the Talisman had reduced him. After a very agreeable Journey, and having given each other all the innocent Marks of the most sincere Tendernefs, they arrived at the Court of *Luminous*,

minous, and were received with all the Transports of the most lively Joy. The Fairy caressed them infinitely. Though she could not lose the Prince's Heart without Regret, the Impossibility to preserve it, and the Joy to see an Union so very rational, obliged her to act the Part of a reasonable Woman. She asked several Questions of *Luzeide*, concerning the Persecutions she had suffered from the *Genii*, and spoke to her in a very agreeable Manner of her Friendship for the Prince, which she gave strong Proofs of. *Angola* laid hold of these favourable Dispositions which she discovered towards him, and prayed her to forward their mutual Happiness, by uniting them by indissoluble Bonds. I don't oppose your Satisfaction, said the Fairy, but I fear some fatal Reverse in Consequence of the Predictions

dictions of *Mutinous*. You have not attain'd the Age which the Destinies have fixed for the End of your Misfortunes. Defer it, if you take my Advice. Moderate your Impatience, and don't contract a Himen under a malignant Influence. What Pleasure can you take, said *Angola*, to give me fresh Pain? and what Faith ought we to give to senseless Predictions which Rage dictated to a Woman of very little Knowledge of Futurity?

Do not any more retard my Happiness, Madam, continued he, and be pleased to fix the happy Day which will compleat all my Wishes. *Luminous* could no longer resist such Importunities, and gave Orders for the Preparations for the Marriage, and the Feasts that were to follow it. They sent to demand the Consent of King *Erzeb-can*, and the Father

ther of *Luzeide*, who gave it with Pleasure, reciprocally charmed with the Alliance they had contracted. At last the happy Day arrived that was to crown the Tenderness of the two Lovers. The Queen, the young Couple, and all the Court, appeared in the Temple, dressed in the most superb Habits: They were married with the Acclamations of the whole People. They observed only, that the Prince spilt the Ink in signing his Name, and that he gave the Ring to *Luzeide* with the left Hand: But though these were terrible Presages, all the Company endeavoured to forget them, and thought of nothing but to give themselves up to the Diversions usual on such Occasions. The Prince cast some warm Looks towards *Luzeide*, and would have been willing to have obtained a Quarter of an Hour's close Conference

ference with her during the Journey; but the Custom of the Country not permitting such Eclipses, he was obliged to wait patiently, till Night permitted him to give a Loose to his Transports. He received the Compliments of *Almair* on Account of his Marriage. They resembled rather Compliments of Condolance than Congratulations. He could not be offended with that agreeable Railery, nor condemn a way of thinking which had been a long Time his own Sentiments. He was the first to banter with him on his Change, and discover to him his Impatience.

At Night they made a Cavagnol, and the Prince, who loved this Game to Distraction, play'd with so little Attention, that it was observed by *Luzeide*, and threw her into the same Circumstances. He supp'd little contrary to his usual

usual Custom, which afforded Matter of Laughter to the Wittings of the Court. The young Couple were obliged to appear at the Ball, and even to masque. He resisted a long Time, and would put on no other Dress but that of a Bat. The Ball appeared to him ill lighted, the *Orchestra* detestable, the Minuet heavy, and the Country Dances insipid; and all the Masques silly, and ill dressed. A Masque took it into his Head, in order to divert his Highness, to dance the *Mariee*. The Prince, who dreaded every Thing that might prolong the Assembly, and who, besides, could not recollect that he had seen a Person of this Air since he came to Court, asked who he was; and being informed, the Whim took him, to send the Masque to the Bastile, to learn the Steps of the Dance. At last, Midnight being arrived, happily

happily for him and the Company, who tired him confoundedly, he disappeared with *Luzeide*, and they retired to their Appartments, to revel in those Delights that waited them there. *Angola* and *Luzeide* were accompanied by the Queen, and the principal Persons of the Court, who were prodigal of the little trifling Jokes common on such Occasions, and which are calculated to give Uneasiness to the more modest sort of People. The Prince could not contain himself, and was ready to turn them out of Doors by the Shoulders. When *Luminous* perceived his Impatience, she retir'd, wishing them a happy Night, and all the Court followed her Example. The Prince dispatch-ed that Instant the Ladies appointed to undress the Princess. He willingly took upon himself that Trouble, and shut the Doors, to be

be rid of all that Impertinence with
 which he had been plagu'd. At
 last, being free to give full Scope
 to his Tenderneſs, he eagerly ap-
 proached *Luzeide*, and began to
 undreſs her with a Precipitation,
 which her Cloaths and Laces paid
 for; which, perhaps, pleaſed her
 more than if he had done it with
 the cooleſt Deliberation. He in-
 terrupted his Work for a Minute,
 to load her with Careſſes. Love
 and Modeſty combatted in the
 Heart of the Princeſs, but the
 former was much ſtronger than
 the latter, and had very near ex-
 tinguiſhed it. He very ſoon
 brought her to that State where
 ſhe could not conceal ſome Charms
 without expoſing others to his
 View. He could never be ſatis-
 fied with admiring her. He kiſ-
 ſed and embraced her with eager
 Tranſports. At laſt, having
 quite

quite undressed her, he carried her hastily to Bed, and stripped himself in a violent Hurry. He threw himself into Bed, and yielded to the Violence that transported him. His Desires were presently heightened by the most tender Careffes ; and *Luzeide* likewise, emboldened by the Darkness, received them with Complaisance, and returned them with Vivacity. He run over those bewitching Charms, the Possession whereof he was assured. *Luzeide*, fired with unknown Desires, made but a feint Resistance, and seemed to wish a full Eclaircissement of *Things that appeared to her so very singular, as to raise her Curiosity.* Afterwards the two Lovers so closely embraced one another, that they had not Power to utter themselves but in broken Sighs. *Angola*, inflamed to the highest Pitch, endeavoured to

P

break

break that amiable Obstacle, which many People are much concerned that they cannot find out at all; but at the first Attempt to surmount it, he was suddenly seized with a deep Sleep, and deprived of his Senses. He quitted *Luzeide*, whom he held fast lock'd in his Arms: He leaned upon her buried in a profound Sleep.

This unlook'd - for Accident surpriz'd the Princess: In vain she endeavour'd to ascribe it to the Fatigue of his Journey; she was very sensible that there was something extraordinary in so sudden a Change. The Prince had discovered to her Transports which she did not think compatible, either with Fatigue or Drowsiness; and without knowing precisely to what they ought to be ascrib'd, she imagined on the whole, that
Rest

Rest would not be improper after such Exercise.

It made her the more easy that she knew the Sleep of the Prince had not absolutely annihilated them, and that he had fallen asleep upon his Laurels. She passed a considerable Time revolving these Things in her Mind, and she had not yet satisfied herself, when *Angola* awak'd. He could not presently conceive what had happened to him ; the more he considered it, the more he was surpriz'd. Without Vanity, he knew himself possess'd of Qualities that did not at all quadrate with such an Adventure ; he lost himself in thinking from whence it could spring. Compelled at last to ascribe that Accident to the Fatigue of the Journey and the Ball, he endeavoured to repair with Advantage the Time that had been lost to so very little

Purpose. His Transports were the same; he overwhelm'd *Luzeide* with the warmest Caresses, and brought her to hope every Thing from such promising Appearances. He was himself in such Condition, that he might, without Vanity, boldly promise himself the most happy Consequences. Inflam'd by the charming Prelude, more poignant perhaps than the Pleasure itself, he push'd with the same Vivacity just to those Obstacles which he had not had Time to surmount. How great is my Happiness, said he in a faltering Voice! receive, my dear Princess, the Marks of a Passion which it is not possible to At this Instant the Word expired upon his Lips, his Strength left him, and he again dropp'd into a sound Sleep. *Luzeide*, confounded with this new Accident, and disappointed of certain confu-

fused

fu
ye
al
ta
re
mo
At
tec
for
mu
as
him
Un
she
doe
natu
ceiv
way
Ah!
gola
of m
me
were
shoul
barba

fused Hopes which she durst not yet distinguish, stood in need of all her Greatness of Soul to sustain the terrible Reverse. She remained some Time sunk in a melancholy and fatal Reverie. At last, fearing that the reiterated Drowsiness prognosticated some Indisposition, she got so much the better of her Modesty, as to take the Liberty to awake him. Your Case gives me great Uneasiness, my dear *Angola*, said she awakening him, your Sleep does not appear to me altogether natural, either I am much deceived, or you would not give way to it in certain Circumstances.

Ah! my dear Princess, said *Angola* rousing himself, the Ardour of my Passion ought to screen me from such Accidents: If it were the Work of Nature, you should not hear me complain. A barbarous Destiny pursues us, and

the Obstacles that separate us are above our Strength, but are not capable to abate my Ardour, continued he embracing her eagerly, and I shall endeavour to make myself certain of my Loss, and spare no Pains to merit my Happiness. He soon arrived at the fatal Point where he had been so often *foiled*. The Princess, to discharge her Part with Exactness, did all in her Power to make Things easy, which on other Occasions she would have thought a Reflection upon her. A brisk Emotion brought him nearer his Point of Happiness, and precipitated his Misfortune. Seiz'd with a new and fatal Lethargy, he slept over those Charms which he had not yet gathered. He awaked a little Time after, to yield to the Transports of his Rage. Too certain of his Misfortune, and not knowing to what to ascribe it,
since

since he had no Reason to complain of certain Affairs, he rack'd his Brain to no Purpose to find out the Cause of his Disaster, and the Means to repair it. His former Exploits occur'd to his Memory, and increas'd the Bitterness of his Reflections. By what dreadful Fate, cried he, am I so different from myself, on an Occasion where I had so much Inclination to surpass myself? Ah! fatal Himen, that ought to have been lighted by the most ardent Love, but whereat has presidet the *infernal Furies*. His Despair was rais'd to that Excess by the *Mortification* that commonly attends these sort of Adventures, that the Princess was oblig'd to use all her Endeavours to comfort him. Her Goodness aggravated the Misfortunes of *Angola*; yet he was too generous not to make another Attempt to deserve it.

The Princess yielded to the Undertaking without much Hopes, in which she was justified by the Event. It was followed by the same Success, and the whole Night passed in the various Changes of Hopes and Disappointments. The Morning surpriz'd them, plunged in a deep and bitter Melancholy. The Princess, perswaded of the Prince's Passion, and convinced besides by *certain Affairs* that spoke in his Favour, felt a tender Compassion for Misfortunes which he appeared so little to deserve; and the Prince, confounded at his Adventure, which he compared with former Triumphs, stood in need of all his Moderation to conceal his Anguish. The Hour of Levee being come, they entered their Apartments, and were overwhelmed with a Deluge of insipid Railery, which the Prince received with

with a dreaming Air, which was received by the Humourists of the Court, as an infallible Consequence of Marriage. As for the Confusion they observed in *Luzeide*, it was a Thing very natural, that gave no Suspicion, and which they still augmented by a thousand pleasant Questions, that confounded her the more, that she was in so little Condition to answer them. *Almair* came likewise to pay his Court. As soon as the Prince perceived him, he called him, and taking him aside, with Eyes wherein Grief and Rage was painted, he said to him, you see me mad, and out of myself by the most strange Adventure. He related to him, at the same Time, all the Accidents of the preceeding Night. You know me, continued he; and you know that my Reputation is established in a certain Respect, in such

Manner

Manner as to pass current every where. It is still the more cruel, that it should befall me with a Woman whom I adore, and on that Account had less Reason to disappoint. I am quite confounded with the Things you have told me, said *Almair*. It is, after all, some Consolation, not to have Cause to reproach one's self on certain Points, but it is extremely malicious, that a Drowsiness, which would appear exceeding natural, after three Months Marriage, should, in the present Circumstances, destroy the Reputation of a brave Man: For my Part, it the more surpasses my Understanding, since you tell me that your Reputation is otherwise safe. Oh! as to that, said the Prince, I am quite easy on that Score, and I have met with few Opportunities in my Life, where I could have promised myself a greater

greater Victory. Hear me, said *Almair*, either I am much deceived, or *Makis* has a Hand in all this. Go, wait on the Queen, and she will advise you what you have to do. Don't lose Time; Things that so essentially regard the Reputation will not admit of any Delay. The Prince, agreeable to this Advice, went to the Queen's Apartments, and demanded a private Audience, and was in great Pain in what Terms to relate his Disgrace, till she prevented him. I know your Misfortunes, said she; this Morning I consulted my Books, to learn the Aspect under which your Marriage has been contracted, and what would be the Consequence of it. I have discovered the cruel Fate that pursues you. The malicious *Mutinous*, and the cruel *Makis*, have brought
about

about your Disaster, and I know but of one Remedy. It is this:

In *Arabia Felix* there lives a *Genii*, call'd *Moka* : He is possessed of a mysterious Liquor, endued with the Virtue of conquering the most obstinate Lethargy. He will undertake your Cure, provided that you stand the Trials he recommends to you. The Princess must accompany you, that you may be convinced before you leave his Palace, that your Cure is compleated. Set out without Delay, and depend upon my Friendship. I hope to see you soon in a more calm Situation. The Prince thank'd her much for her Goodness, and after having taken the necessary Instructions for his Journey, he returned to the Princess, and disposed every thing for their Departure.

They

They took Post the same Day, and made great Dispatch. Every Night they lay on the Road, *Angola* made new Attempts to overcome the Rigour of his Destiny, but none of them had any better Success, and they both became at last heartily tired of these Sort of Experiments, and very desirous to see them at an End.

*****:*****

C H A P. XII.

The Remedy worse than the Disease.

*The Beginning of Misfortunes,
and the End of the History.*

THE City where the *Genii* *Moka* kept his Residence was pleasant, and very well peopled. The Use which the Inhabitants

bitants made of that exhilarating Liquor gave them a frolicksome and lively Air. The *Genii* only, it's true, had the Power to endue it with that secret Virtue, that was necessary for the Cure of *Angola's* Infirmary; but his Subjects used it to drive away Sleep, which they look'd upon as so much Time stolen from their Pleasures. The City was full of nothing but Houses where they sold this agreeable Drink, and these were the Rendezvous of People of all Sorts. One might see there old ruined *Seigniors* that pass'd their Lives in railing at the Government or Ministry, and in regretting former Times where Merit was rewarded with great Exactness. On another Side, were the News-mongers and Politicians, that settled the Tranquility of *Asia*, and had infal-

libile

lible Nostrums to reconcile the
 Interests of Princes. They vent-
 ed in great Calmness new Apho-
 risms begot in their empty and
 scatter'd Imaginations, which
 they boasted of so largely, that
 at last they believed them. They
 joined Islands to the *Terra fir-
 ma*, made Bridges over the
Ganges into *Egypt*, engaged Ar-
 mies that were a hundred Leagues
 distant from one another, and in
 no likelyhood of Meeting. They
 were near pulling one another's
 Eyes out, about imaginary Quar-
 rels, which they ascribed to
 Princes that would give them ve-
 ry little Recompense for their
 Zeal. You might see *Abbe's*
 without Benefices, Magistrates
 without a Charge, who retain'd
 nothing of their former State,
 but the Character of Useless-
 ness, which they still preserved,
 and which they took great Pains
 to

to deserve by a Life correspondent to their Inclinations. One saw there several reform'd Officers, who had saved some Shreds of their Carcases from the Fury of the War, and scarce wherewithall to cover themselves. They pass'd the rest of their Time in trailing their Crutches, and spending a moderate Pension, in saying the worst they could think of those that bestowed it on them. Some of these Places were haunted by the People commonly call'd Wits, who arrogated to themselves a Right to judge of all new Pieces. Unhappily for them, the Public took the Liberty to conceal all their Decrees. This did not prevent their being Masters in their own Tribunal. They had strong Lungs, and woe to them that had the Fool-hardiness to dispute with them. It is true they had a peculiar Talent
of

of speaking much, and saying nothing, but in Revenge, they roar'd out Sophisms and Paradoxes, and impudently opposed themselves to all Manner of Reason ; deciding every Thing, but judging nothing. They rais'd an Uproar, or maintain'd a pedantic Dispute, that frighten'd People, that are so unhappy as to have common Sense.

The Prince, on other Occasions, would have been highly diverted with such a comical Medley, but, full of his Misfortune, and anxious to repair it, he was conducted to the Palace of *Moka* ; to whom he discovered his Case in few Words, and the Relief he expected from him. *Moka* received him with affected Gravity, through which appear'd a malicious Grin : You appear to me now fatigued, said he, and unable to undergo the

Q Remedy ;

Remedy ; I would advise you to take some rest, and, To-morrow I shall attempt your Cure. He was immediately conducted to a grand Apartment, that was allotted for him. He would have had the Princess into another, but they would not consent to it. In vain they represented that nothing could be worse for them, than to lye together ; that it was extremely Citizen like, especially when they had so little to do there. The Prince put up that malicious Sneer, and would, on no Account, part with *Luzeide*. They were obliged to give them their Way, and they retired to their Apartment.

It is necessary, in order to understand this true History, to know that *Maka* was an intimate Friend of the *Genii Makis*, who had trusted him with his Design
upon

upon *Luzeide*, the Hand he had in the Prince's Adventure, and the Desire he had to take Advantage of it. *Moka* fell willingly into his Measures, and he had but little Difficulty to perpetrate his Treachery. The Prince and *Luzeide*, soon after they retired to their Apartment, went to Bed. The *Genii Makis*, watchful of their Motions, was introduced invisibly into their Chamber, and conceal'd himself in a Pendulum Clock. He saw the Princess undress'd, and that Sight augmented his Ardour. They were scarce laid down, but having recourse to his absolute Power, he placed himself on the Bolster-piece of their Bed, and from thence slipped himself gently into the Knots of Ribbon, that fasten'd the Princess Night-dress, and there waited a

favourable Opportunity to execute his infamous Design.

The Prince was this Night more wakeful than ordinary, he entertain'd the Princess with the most passionate Discourse. She answered him with Complaisance. He believed the Moment approaching that was to put an End to his Misfortunes. What Transports do I feel, said he, embracing her tenderly. Their Ardour makes me hope every Thing. Vouchsafe to participate my dear Princess, continued he, redoubling them; perhaps I shall surmount a cruel Destiny. At that Instant, transported by his Passion, he renewed the Attack, in which he had been so often baffled. Stop, said *Luzeide*, half yielding, have you forgot our Misfortune, and the fatal Obstacle?..... I flatter myself to surmount them, said the

the Prince-----and that Moment dropt into a profound Sleep. Succeeded that Instant by the *Genii*, who resumed his Person and Visibibility, he naturally supply'd the Prince's Place, and prepared to consummate his Villany. Yes, continued he, in a broken and counterfeit Voice; vouchsafe to receive the Marks of the most violent Passion, and that Instant push'd to the last his criminal Undertaking. He had succeeded the Prince so dexterously, that *Luzeide* did not perceive his Misfortune. Dear Prince, said she to the *Genii*, believing that she spoke to *Angola*, what do I feel? What unknown Pleasures? Love only can excite it..... The perfidious *Genii* took Advantage of her Mistake; he was happy, if one can be so, conscious of such a monstrous Crime. He loaded her with the warmest Caresses, which

which she return'd with Sincerity. In a Word, he pass'd a Part of the Night with her, and satiated himself with luscious Delight. The ravishing Charms of *Luzeide* were a Prey to his Treachery, whilst the unhappy *Angola*, drown'd in sleep, had no Suspicion of his Misfortune. At last, he waken'd, and the *Genii* slyly stole away, and placed himself on a Side-board, where he could over-hear the Conversation of the two Lovers, and the cruel Suspicion that would be the Consequence of his Crime. He wanted that barbarous Pleasure to compleat his Revenge. Our Misfortunes are always the same, said *Angola*, and I have no Hope, but in the Assistance of *Moka*. We might have saved ourselves the Fatigue of the Journey, said *Luzeide*, and the warm
 Proofs

Proofs of Love that I have received from you, convince me that it was needless. They were but trivial, said *Angola* in comparison with those I burn with Desire to give you. I don't know, said the Princess, what you may have reserved, but the Transports which you made me feel, and which I participated for some Hours without ceasing, permits me to carry my Imagination to no greater Length. I do not believe that I deserve such cruel Raille-ry from you, said the Prince, and I cannot imagine that you would willingly make me responsible for the Faults of a cruel Destiny. Those you have very wery well repaid, reply'd *Luzeide*, and it is difficult to refuse you a Pardon, which you deserve so well. I believe the Sleep whereof you have got the better, and the Tender-ness which I have exprested for
you

you, by entirely abandoning myself, cannot sufficiently recompence your Ardour.

Let us go my dear Prince and reject *Maka's* Remedy, it is at present useless to you, and I believe rather that you stand in need of the contrary Regimen. Oh Heavens! What do I hear, said *Angola* in the greatest Consternation? What a dreadful Mystery is this that I cannot unriddle? When, *Luzeide* did you taste the Pleasures of Love, and I participate of them? where! in this Bed during the Continuance of my Misfortunes? In the Name of the Gods explain yourself; I cannot believe that a Dream, which by the by would flatter me, could have such an Effect upon your Spirit as to produce so powerful an Illusion. As for me it is certain, that last Night my Passion induced me to attempt that in
which

which I so often fail'd; that on the Point of breaking these Obstacles that have always stopped me, a profound Sleep seized me; and that I waked but this Instant. How, How ! said *Luzeide* falling into Tears, can you disclaim those Transports which compleated my Happiness ? Is it not cruel in you, whom I have loaded with the most tender Caresses, and to whom I have yielded every Thing that is valuable, and who seems born only to give you new Assurances of my Passion ? Is it possible that any other but you should gather such precious Fruits, and which were reserved for you by my Love and your Rights ? Dear Prince don't continue to make me desperate by so shocking an Uncertainty. *Luzeide*, said the Prince, there is something very extraordinary in the Matter. A Dream could not leave certain

R Marks,

Marks, that are the necessary Consequence of the Reality. At the same Time he endeavoured to discover the Change that must have been produced in the most interesting Places. *Luzeide* permitted him to make the search, a Liberty which she did not imagine would render her culpable. Whether the Traces of a Celestial Being are different from that of a mere Mortal; or that these sort of Conjectures are always uncertain in any Case, he found nothing to dissipate his Fears, nor any Thing that could absolutely prove his Misfortune. If any Thing augmented his Grief it was to find a certain Docility in *Luzeide* of Things about which some Hours before, she could not resolve herself. They pass'd the rest of the Night in this cruel Uncertainty, and in the Morning the *Genii Makis*, after having had the
barba-

barbarous Pleasure of their Pain, went to *Moka* to relate the Success of his Treason. The Time of seeing the *Genii Moka* being come, they were introduced to his Apartment. The *Genii* ordered to be brought to the Prince the mysterious Liquor on which depended his Cure, he took several Doses of it, and that no doubt might remain of its Efficacy, they ordered to be read before him by the *Genii's* Secretary, who was prodigiously afflicted with a ridiculous Stammering, two Discourses of the Academy, and three Funeral Orations. The Prince thought frequently that he must have submitted to the powerful Narcotic, but the Virtue of the Beverage preserved him, and he was quite free from any drowsiness. *Moka* assured him, that since he had stood that Experiment he was safe from the At-

tacks of Sleep on all improper Occasions, and promised that *Luzeide* would find the Effect of his Medicine. He offered him to make the Experiment in the Palace, and that they might lay together there the next Night. *Angola* at that Proposition trembled with Horror; but disguising his Vexation, and pretending to have urgent Business at the Court of *Luminous*, he took Leave of the *Genii*, and went out to give Orders for his Departure. He met in his Apartments the *Genii Makis* handing the Fairy *Mutinous*. He could not avoid paying the Compliments usual amongst People of Fashion; they received them with an easy Air, and added some Jokes, that affected him just enough to recall to his Memory the Misfortunes he suspected. He had much Difficulty to moderate the Rage with which he

he was seiz'd on the Sight of the *Genii*, and though he was not acquainted with the Fairy *Mutinous*, yet her Figure discovered her to him in an Instant ; she made him a Compliment on his Marriage, and added with an Air of Irony that it had not been in her Power to remove all the Obstacles. *Makis*, on his Part, entertain'd the Princess with a Discourse of a double Meaning to which she did not vouchsafe to make any Answer ; at last, *Angola* unwilling to discover an useless Rage, and for which besides he had no clear Foundation, lost in a thousand Ideas that crowded one upon another, briskly took his Leave, and retired to his Apartments with *Luxeide*. He had nothing so much at Heart as to be assured of his Cure. If the Princess did not betray over and above much Experience, she discovered enough

at least to encrease his Anxiety. As to the other Difficulties that might have given him some sort of Certainty, he had too much Self-love not to pay the Compliment of their Removal to his own Prowess—After allowing some Moments to their mutual Tenderness, they set out, and arriv'd in a short Time at the Court of *Luminous*. She was charmed to see them again, and to know that they were delivered from their Misfortunes. The Prince, always a Slave to his Anxiety, discovered his Doubts to *Almair*, who, like a prudent Man, tho' he saw a little into the dark Affair, pretended to be incredulous, and endeavour'd to calm the Prince's Mind. The Esteem which he had for him, and the extreme Tenderness *Luzeide* express'd for him, oblig'd him by Degrees to forget those dismal Notions, and
 their

their Union became calm and fortunate: There is not the least Appearance that *Angola* and *Luzeide* had any thorough Understanding of that Adventure, and the Prince had a more happy Fate than many Husbands who are obliged to dissemble more afflicting Certainties.

The Affair had never come to our Knowledge, if we had not known it from *Makis* himself, who discovered it in his Dotage in relating the interesting History of his good Fortune. If the *Fairy Luminous* by the Superiority of her Understanding suspected any Thing, she knew too much of the World to discover it to any Body: This happy Couple pass'd their Youth at the Court of *Luminous*. *Almair* was always in great Favour with the Prince, and perhaps he tempted him to commit some matrimonial Mistakes

takes that are not come to our Knowledge. Be that as it will, they pass'd their Days very happy, and after the Death of King *Erzeb-can*, they took Possession of his Kingdom, govern'd their People wisely, and did Actions worthy to be recorded, and which no doubt will employ another Pen to transmit to Posterity.

The END *of the* HISTORY.

THANK